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THE PRINCESS AND THE FORESTER

" But come, the bow : now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill."

IV. I. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 5

Love's Labor Lost

Merchant of Venice

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY

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LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

The earliest edition of *Love's Labor's Lost* appeared in 1598, with the following title-page:—"A Pleasant conceited Comedie called Loues Labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented *by W. Shakespere.* Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Cuthbert Burby.*" (Reproduced in photo-lithography by W. Griggs with forewords by Dr. Furnivall, Shakespeare-Quarto Fascimiles, No. 5.)

The Folio Edition of 1623—probably reprinted from the Quarto—gives on the whole a somewhat better text of the play, though in two or three instances the earlier Quarto is helpful in restoring correct readings; both editions are marked by carelessness; some of the errors are of singular interest as throwing light on Shakespeare's workmanship. The title-page of the Quarto indicates that the play as published in 1598 represents a revised version of an earlier production. Various attempts have been made to separate the earlier and later portions; the text of the Quarto and Folio gives us a valuable clue; Act IV, iii, 299–304, and Act V, ii, 827–832, are obviously parts of the first sketch of the play printed by mistake; had the proofs of Quarto 1 been carefully read these lines would most certainly have been deleted; the former passage represents the rough draft of the great speech in which they occur; the latter gave place to Rosaline's speech "Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron" (V, ii, 851–864). Probably a great part of the last Act has been rewritten, especially the close of the play from the entrance

of Mercade. Mr. Spedding as far back as 1839 pointed out that the inequality in the length of the Acts gives us a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations: in Act I Biron's remonstrance, and in Act IV nearly the whole of the close and a few lines at the opening of the Act, may probably be classed with the passages already noted as belonging to Shakespeare's maturer work.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

All the recognized tests place *Love's Labor's Lost* among the earliest of Shakespeare's regular plays; it may certainly be regarded as among the first of his comedies. External evidence bearing on the date is somewhat scanty; in addition to a mention of the play in *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, we have some lines by Robert Tofte in a poem entitled *Alba; or, the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, published the same year, wherein our play is referred to in words suggesting that it was not then a recent production:—"Love's Labour Lost I *once* did see." Similarly in a letter by Sir Walter Cope to Lord Cranborne (1604) similar mention is made of this as "an old play":—"Burbage is come and says there is no new play that the queen hath not seen, but they have revised an old one, called *Love's Labour Lost*, which for wit and mirth, he says, will please her exceedingly." [1]

All this, however, adds little to the information given on the title-page of the first Quarto.

Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Robert Southwell, contends that certain lines, written about 1594, apply to the eyes of Christ the idea contained in Biron's speech in the fifth Act:—

> "O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
> The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell. . . ."

[1] Tofte and others call the play *Love's Labour Lost;* it is doubtful whether the correct title is *Love's Labours Lost,* or *Love's Labour's Lost;* the apostrophe is found in the headline of Quarto 1.

There is a valuable piece of confirmatory evidence for the early date of this play and its companion play *Love's Labor Won*" (whatever this may have been) in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I, sc. i, 29–33.

> "To be in love, what scorn is bought with groans . . .
> If happy won, perhaps a hapless gain,
> If lost why then a grievous labor's won."

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

The metrical tests place *Love's Labor's Lost* first of the plays of the first (or rhyming) period; its lyrical character is perhaps its most noteworthy feature: it contains in its present state twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, and there can be little doubt that in its original form the proportion was even greater. In addition to three Sonnets and a Song [1] there is doggerel in abundance, as well as alternate rhymes and six-line stanzas; but throughout the play the thought, quite as much as the metrical form, reminds us that Shakespeare has not yet divorced his poetical from his dramatic genius. "The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron," Mr. Pater justly observes, "have something of the monumental style of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression."

Among other marks of its early date are the following: —Its symmetrical arrangement of the characters; its introduction of the standing characters of the older plays ("the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy"); its quibbling, repartee, and word-play; its sketchy characterization (Biron and Rosaline are rough drafts of Benedick and Beatrice; Armado and Jaquenetta anticipate Touchstone and Audrey); the obvious influence of the Courtly dramas of John Lily. Finally, no other

[1] Jaggard put two of the Sonnets and the Song into *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599; the Song was also printed with Shakespeare's name attached in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

play gives us such glimpses into Shakespeare's youth; none has such delightful reminiscences of his child-life at Stratford: in more senses than one *Love's Labor's Lost* is "a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!"

THE PLOT

Love's Labor's Lost has the slightest of all Shakespeare's plots; it may be described as a drama of dialogue and satire; intrigue plays practically no part in it. It would seem, indeed, that Shakespeare's first comedy owed its main interest to topical allusions, no doubt readily understood by his audience. This topical character of the play explains its popularity in Elizabethan days, and its neglect in modern times. Mr. S. Lee (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1880) has called attention to its quasi-historical framework, and its many references to contemporary events and personages:—(1) The leading element of the play refers to English volunteers, who, under Essex, had just joined Henry of Navarre in France. Note the name of the hero of the play; his associates are named after Navarre's generals; of these Biron was the best known and the most popular in England, and Shakespeare seems to have given us a life-like portraiture; (in later years Chapman made him the hero of two of his plays;) (2) the meeting of the King of Navarre and the Princess of France suggests the meeting of the King and Catherine de Medici in 1586 to settle disputes between Navarre and the reigning king, her son, "decrepit in mind and body"; (3) the references to Russian diplomacy; (4) the question of academies;[1] (5) "the ludicrous side of contemporary country life, with its inefficient constable, its pompous schoolmaster, and its ignorant curate"; (6) contemporary affectations of speech and dress.

It is customary to class all the extravagances of speech characteristic of the Elizabethan age as Euphuism; Shake-

[1] From this point of view and in other respects the play should be compared with its Victorian counterpart, Tennyson's *Princess*.

speare, however, carefully differentiates the pedantry of the New Learning, as exemplified by Holofernes; the fantastic extravagance of the Newer Learning, as exemplified by Armado; and the refined charm, the fascination, as well as the dangers, of the poetic diction of the age, as exemplified by Biron,—Shakespeare's own mouthpiece when he forswears his

> "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical."

Shakespeare may well be identified with his favorite character, and Biron's plea may well be taken as the poet's own:—

> "Yet have I a trick
> Of the old rage;—bear with me, I am sick;
> I'll leave it by degrees."

It is noteworthy that even "the fanatical phantasm" Armado was drawn from the life; he was a well-known character of the time, and Thomas Churchyard commemorated his death in a poem entitled "The Phantasticall Monarchoes Epitaph."

Certain critics have discovered in Holofernes a caricature of Florio, but there is no reason for supposing that Shakespeare wished to hold up to ridicule a distinguished scholar, to whose work he was indebted. The name Holofernes was possibly derived from Rabelais; Tubal Holophernes taught Gargantua his A B C: in his general characteristics he resembles Rombus, the Schoolmaster, in Sydney's *The Lady of the May.*

The close of the play suggests that Shakespeare had been reading Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules.* Perhaps even the song at the end may justly remind one of the fact that in Chaucer's poem also the birds sing their song as they disperse, though Shakespeare's song, as far as its form is concerned, is a medieval "debate." "The debate and strife between summer and winter" was imprinted by Laurence Andrews. "The pageant of the Nine Worthies" was a

frequent subject of exhibition by the "base mechanicals" of country towns. "Divers play Alexander in the villages," observes Williams in his *Discourse of Warre*, 1590, "but few or none in the field."

DURATION OF ACTION

The action of the play lasts probably two days. Acts I and II cover the first day, Acts III and IV the second (*cp.* P. A. Daniel's "Time Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays," *New Shakespeare Society*, 1877–9).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Love's Labor's Lost was first published in a quarto pamphlet of thirty-eight leaves in 1598, the title-page reading as follows: "A pleasant-conceited Comedy called Love's Labor's Lost: As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas: Newly corrected and augmented: By W. Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cuthbert Burby: 1598." There was no other known edition of the play till the folio of 1623, where it is the seventh in the division of Comedies. From the repetition of certain errors of the press, it is quite probable that the second copy was reprinted from the first; while, on the other hand, there are certain differences that look as if another authority had in some points been consulted: the editors of the folio probably taking the quarto as their standard, and occasionally having recourse to a play-house manuscript. In the quarto neither scenes nor acts are distinguished; in the folio only the latter; and even here, as may easily be seen, the division into acts is very unequal and inartificial: yet no modern edition has ventured upon any change in this respect.

In the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, under the date of January, 1605, occurs the following entry: "Between New-years Day and Twelfth Day, a play of *Love's Labor's Lost*." As success on the public stage was generally at that time the main reason of a play's being selected for performance at court, we may infer that this play continued popular after many better ones had been written. The play was also entered in the Stationers' Books, January 22, 1607, the right of it being passed over from Burby

to Ling, probably because the latter contemplated a new edition. The design, however, if any such there were, seems to have been given up, as no impression of that date has come down to us.

Love's Labor's Lost is mentioned in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in 1598. The same year one Robert Tofte put forth a poem entitled "Alba, the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover," wherein the play is thus referred to:

"Love's Labor Lost! I once did see a play
Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
Giving attendance on my froward dame:
My misgiving mind presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawn to see it 'gainst my will.

This play no play, but plague, was unto me,
For there I lost the love I liked most;
And what to others seemde a jest to be,
I that in earnest found unto my cost.
To every one, save me, 'twas comicall,
While tragic-like to me it did befall.

Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
Yet all was fained, 'twas not from the hart,
They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care;
'Twas I that grief indeed did beare in brest;
The others did but make a shew in jest."

These are all the contemporary notices of the play that have reached us. That this play was among the earliest scarce admits of question, from the character of the thing itself. Though it be apparently designed as a satire upon book-men in general, yet it displays in almost every part, and a good deal more than any other of the Poet's dramas, just such a preponderance of book-knowledge as were to be looked for in one fresh from school. Moreover, after the first writing a considerable time must naturally have passed before it was "newly corrected and augmented," as stated in the title-page of the quarto. There

may be some question as to what year "it was presented before her Highness;" but as the year was then reckoned from the twenty-fifth of March, it seems quite likely that "this last Christmas" refers to the Christmas of 1598. Though we need not suppose so many as ten years to have elapsed between the writing and the revising, yet there is nothing that apparently makes against such a supposal. And Tofte's expression, "I once did see a play," may well enough infer that it was some years since he saw it.

The fact of the play's having been "corrected and augmented," of course invalidates whatsoever of evidence on this score might else be drawn from allusions to contemporary matters. The "dancing horse," spoken of in Act I, sc. ii, is plainly an allusion of this sort. Bankes and his wonderful horse made their debut in London in 1589. But all that can be thence inferred is, that the passage in question was written after that date; and Bankes and his horse were so much and so long distinguished, that the reference may well enough have been made eight or nine years after their first appearance, when the play was revised. The many allusions to the same matter in other writers of the time show that it was a more remarkable performance than to pass out of thought with the day that brought it forth; though much of this celebrity was doubtless owing to the alleged fate of Bankes and his horse when they fell under the papal discipline. The "finished representation of colloquial excellence," as Dr. Johnson calls it, at the opening of Act V, has been thought to have been borrowed from a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which came out in 1590. But the resemblance is not so close but that it may very well have been a mere coincidence. The passage is Sir Phillip's fine description of Parthenia: "That which made her fairness much the fairer was that it was but the fair embassador of a most fair mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itself than to show itself: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sullenness; her modesty without affectation; her shamefastness without ignorance: in sum, one that to

praise well, one must first set down with himself what it is to be excellent." Even granting the imitation in this case, still there is no reason but that the similar passage may have first appeared in the augmented copy of the play. We lay no stress on the circumstance that the *Arcadia* was considerably read in manuscript before it was printed, and so may have come to the Poet's knowledge before the original writing of *Love's Labor's Lost;* for we suppose this play to have been one of the exhibitions that brought the Author into Sir Philip's acquaintance, and recommended him to Southampton's patronage. As for the notion of certain critics, that Holofernes was meant for satire upon John Florio, whose *Second Fruits* appeared in 1591, containing some reflections on the indecorum of the English stage, we cannot discover the slightest ground for it. Shakespeare, no doubt, had ample occasion to laugh at the pedantry of pedagogues long before he knew any thing of Florio.

Internal evidence in such questions is necessarily a matter of individual judgment and opinion; so that no great weight can be given it, save where we have a concurrence of several experienced and judicious minds. Here, however, the best critics all agree in fixing the date in accordance with whatsoever of evidence is thus producible from without. Coleridge in 1819 set it down as a "juvenile drama," and as "Shakespeare's earliest dramatic attempt,—perhaps even prior in conception to the *Venus and Adonis*, and planned before he left Stratford;" and his judgment herein is the more considerable, forasmuch as he once thought otherwise. He remarks, that "the characters of this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a schoolboy's observation might supply;" and that "the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the meter and the number of acute and fancifully-illustrated aphorisms, are all as they ought to be in a poet's youth." Making due allowance for certain passages which show a more experienced

hand, and were probably written in at the revisal, we apprehend that few will dissent from the judgment here given, so far as it bears upon the date of the original composition; though, as to the characters, we confess that the higher ones seem "impersonated" rather at second hand and from books, than either out of the Poet's "observation" or out of his "own multiformity."

For the plot and matter of this play no foreign sources have been identified; and the amount of research spent for that purpose in vain leaves little room to doubt that the whole was the offspring of the Poet's invention. Which only favors the conclusion, that Shakespeare, in common with the greatest dramatists before him, though probably without knowing it, in proportion as he came to understand his art and to be formed and furnished for its service, cared less for mere novelty, and took more to such subjects as were already fixed in the popular belief and familiar to the minds of his audience. It should be observed, however, that in the original copies Armado and Holofernes are often designated by their characters, not by their names, the former being called The Braggart, the latter The Pedant; which Mr. Collier regards as indicating that at the time of writing this play the Author had some acquaintance with the nature of the Italian comic performances, where such characters were quite common; and he points out a strong resemblance between these personages and two that figure in *Gl' Ingannati*, the braggart under the name of Giglio, and the other under that of M. Piero Pedante. Besides the scarce-perceptible footprints in this quarter, the Poet's reading may be more clearly traced among the Spanish romances of chivalry; and indeed, as a clever writer hath remarked, "the story has most of the features which would be derived from an acqaintance with the ancient romances." An apt instance of this is furnished in the King's description of "this child of fancy, that Armado hight," in the first act. And Coleridge speaks of the extravagant whim of the leading characters as being "not altogether improbable to those who

are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theater of a domain or principality."

We have already remarked upon the higher characters of this play as appearing to have been drawn rather from books than from life. They have little of the close compacting of living power, which so marks the Poet's delineations generally, and which naturally results in distinctive features and characteristic traits. We can scarce distinguish and remember them as individuals: they run together, as it were, in our thoughts, as being rather personified whimsicalities and affectations than affected and whimsical persons; are not fully cut out and rounded into severalty; but appear somehow too much like the same thing under several variations: in short, they affect us more as ingeniously-wrought figures and images of men and women, than as real men and women themselves; though we must confess that something of a determinate and specific individuality is given to Biron and Rosaline, so that we take up a more distinct impression and carry away a much clearer remembrance of them. Thus they differ from Shakespeare's other representations very much as a portrait taken from the life differs from a mere copy; which a practised eye will readily distinguish, without being told the facts. So that the play thus far almost reverses the Poet's general rule; the characters existing rather for the sake of the plot, than the plot for the sake of the characters; these being indeed mainly used as a sort of ground for the projecting and carrying on of a dramatic device. Thus the thing, at least in this part, is not so much a play as a show. Hence, perhaps, the comparatively little interest that readers generally take in it: for a mere story or show is interesting only while it is new; whereas a work of

art, a real expression of character and life, grows in interest as we grow more acquainted with it.

The other set of characters, however, especially Costard, Armado, and Moth, are of a very different stamp. Here the Poet was evidently feeding of the fruit that grows from observation, not "of the dainties that are bred in a book:" here he is plainly at work in a vein where his eye and hand are at home; molding his forms out of the materials amidst which his life has been passed and his thinking shaped. For whatsoever prototypes of Armado may be found in Italian comedies, there is no denying that Shakespeare constructed that "mighty potentate of nonsense" in the strength of a knowledge far more living and operative than could have been gained by mere reading. In this case only a Spanish name was given to an old English substance: Coleridge informs us that even in his time the character was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales. As for Holofernes the schoolmaster, and Sir Nathaniel the curate, those prodigious epicures of learned vocables, who "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," Shakespeare's age was just the time for such characters to be generated, and trained on into ludicrous perfection. The traits uppermost in them were but the natural working down of what was then a leading aim with the highest and wittiest in society,—a continual effort to appear clever and spirited, to shine and entertain by talking out of the common way; so that "the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present." This straining after mental ornament, which so filled the palace and the cottage with every variety of small wit, was indeed a disease, and perhaps this play yields proof enough that Shakespeare viewed it as such: yet there is no telling how much it may have had to do with the discipline, which taught Hooker to write the richest, noblest, most varied and musical prose style that has yet been written in the English tongue. Nor

in our time, as perhaps in all times when learning is duly prized, is there wanting a class of men whose ordinary talk shows them to "have lived long on the alms-basket of words;" thus reversing the fine old maxim of Roger Ascham, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."

Whatsoever, therefore, may have been the Poet's design, at all events the play, throughout, is a sham-fight of words; and perhaps it may be justly regarded as a piece of good-natured irony on the abuse of learning and a merry caricature of intellectual vanity and display. In this view the whole forms a capital take-off of the shallow, vain philosophy which puts men upon the study of words to the neglect of things, and prompts them to seek after wisdom by using other people's eyes instead of their own; —the same habit of mind which may be so often seen drawing out the smallest possible amount of matter into an infinite agitation of wit. It is not without significance, therefore, that the higher characters are represented all along as hunting and straining after puns, and quibbles, and clenches, and conceits, thus spending their superfluous mental activity in learned trifling and elaborate folly. Perhaps Biron is the only one of them that has wisdom enough to catch and save him when his wit breaks down. Meanwhile the lower characters, though seemingly the opposite of the former, in reality but present the more ludicrous and farcical side of the same thing; the readiness with which they rattle off quips and quirks, and twist language into fantastical shapes, being an apt commentary on the tendency of the study, to which their betters have vowed themselves, to degenerate into verbal tricks and bookish formalities.

As a work of art, perhaps the chief merit of the play lies in the unity and harmony of feeling that pervade it. The leading characters are all young, and there is an answering spirit of youth in every thing about them, as if surrounding objects had caught from them the trick of hilarity, and must needs keep time with the beating of their

hearts. It is by thus diffusing over all things the tone and temper of his persons, that the Poet often so completely transports us into their whereabout, and makes us see with their eyes. Here as elsewhere, however, the means whereby he does this are so cunningly hidden as to suggest that art with him was instinct. The two sets of persons, moreover, are wrought in together with great skill; while with the higher ones are interwoven several passages of superb poetry, as if on purpose to make up in some measure for the comparatively unvital and inorganic structure of the characters. One need not be very deeply skilled in Shakespeare, to be able to distinguish with great probability the main passages that appeared first in the augmented copy. At the head of these, of course, stands Biron's speech near the close of the fourth act, to "prove our loving lawful and our faith not torn;" which Coleridge thus describes: "It is logic clothed in rhetoric;—but observe how Shakespeare, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character." Scarcely inferior to this, except as being shorter, are two speeches of Rosaline, one near the opening of Act II describing Biron, the other at the close of the play laying down the terms upon which he may gain her hand. Of the strange song at the end, made up as it is of the most homely and familiar words and images, Mr. Knight has remarked, what is indeed sufficiently obvious, how fitly it serves "to mark, by an emphatic close, the triumph of simplicity over false refinement."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

BIRON

It is well to be practical; but to be practical, and also to have a capacity for ideas is better. Berowne [Biron], the exponent of Shakspere's own thought, who entered into the youthful, idealistic project of his friends with a satisfactory assurance that the time would come when the entire dream-structure would tumble ridiculously about the ears of them all,—Berowne [Biron] is yet a larger nature than the Princess or Rosaline. His good sense is the good sense of a thinker and of a man of action. When he is most flouted and bemocked, we yet acknowledge him victorious and the master; and Rosaline will confess the fact by and by.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

Berowne [Biron] is keenly intellectual; no trickery is needed to lure him into love; he falls in love with Rosaline at first sight; when he discovers it, his thoughts are first centred in himself, and, in revolt against it, he even vilifies Rosaline beyond propriety,—beyond what he, in his heart, knows to be the truth. We discern no development of character in him. What he is when we first meet him, he is, when he goes that way, we this way,—ever plausible, brilliant, poetic. Although in his heart of hearts he knows that love gives to every power a double power, and that its voice makes heaven drowsy with the harmony, yet when we part from him we doubt much that his voice will echo in his soul throughout his year of penance. His fertile wit will devise many a mean to stifle it should his task to move wild laughter in the throat of death prove too irk-

some. His present love's labor will be lost, and Jack will never have his Jill.—Furness, *Love's Labour's Lost* in the *Variorum Shakespeare.*

YOUTHFUL PECULIARITIES

The peculiarities of Shakespeare's youthful pieces are perhaps most accumulated in this play. The reiterated mention of mythological and historical personages; the air of learning, the Italian and Latin expressions, which here, it must be admitted, serve a comic end; the older England versification, the numerous doggerel verses, and the rhymes more frequent than anywhere else and extending over almost the half of the play; all this places this work among the earlier efforts of the poet. Alliteration, a silent legacy from Anglo-Saxon literature, and much more in use in the popular and more refined poems of England than in any other language, is to be met with here still more than in the narrative poems, the sonnets, and the Two Gentlemen of Verona; it is expressly employed by the pedant Holofernes, who calls the art "to affect the letter." The style is frequently like that of the Shakespeare sonnets; indeed the 127th and 137th of Shakespeare's sonnets bear express similarities to those inserted here as well as to other passages of the play (Act IV, sc. iii). The tone of the Italian school prevails more than in any other play. The redundancy of wit is only to be compared with the similar redundancy of conceit in Shakespeare's narrative poems, and with the Italian style in general which he at first adopted.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

What he wrote in that play is of his earliest manner, having the all-pervading sweetness which he never lost, and that extreme condensation which makes the couplets fall into epigrams, as in the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece.* In the drama alone, as Shakspere soon found out, could the sublime poet and profound philosopher find the conditions of a compromise. In the *Love's Labor's*

Lost there are many faint sketches of some of his vigorous portraits in after life—as for example, in particular, of Benedict and Beatrice.—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

A PLAY OF CONTRASTS

We are dealing with a play of antitheta, a "Venus" and a "Lucrece," a "L'Allegro and an Il Penseroso," a plea for mirth and for seriousness, for action and for contemplation, a display of almost all topics set in almost all lights, of opinions, therefore, that are no more final than are the considerations of mere vocabulary and language. We are aware, however, that in his first essay this great genius condemns the falsehood of extremes, recognizes the essentials among the accidents, the follies of our existence, puts philosophy above dogma, and common sense in its due season above both; and plucks from the tree of knowledge the fruit which hangs so high that few may reach it—the fruit of perfect charity. Hereby at the very outset you may know Shakespeare—perhaps from all his contemporaries except Spenser, Hooker, and Bacon.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

A CARICATURE OF THE PERIOD

Armado's bombast may probably be accepted as a not too extravagant caricature of the bombast of the period. Certain it is that the schoolmaster Rombus, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Lady of the May*, addresses the Queen in a strain no whit less ridiculous than that of Holofernes. But what avails the justice of a parody if, in spite of the art and care lavished upon it, it remains as tedious as the mannerism it ridicules! And this is unfortunately the case in the present instance. Shakespeare had not yet attained the maturity and detachment of mind which could enable him to rise above the follies he attacks, and to sweep them aside with full authority. He buries himself in them, circumstantially demonstrates their absurdities, and is still too in-

experienced to realize how he thereby inflicts upon the spectator and the reader the full burden of their tediousness. It is very characteristic of Elizabeth's taste that, even in 1598, she could still take pleasure in the play. All this fencing with words appealed to her quick intelligence; while, with the unabashed sensuousness characteristic of the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, she found entertainment in the playwright's freedom of speech, even, no doubt, in the equivocal badinage between Boyet and Maria (IV, i).—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, *Love's Labor's Lost* is perhaps that which bears most appearance of being a definite satire on his contemporaries. Some traces of individual satire (Florio has been thought to be satirized as Holofernes) have been challenged, but not more than have seemed traceable in other plays; it is in the agreement in general color, and in detailed manners of the follies exhibited, with those which were rife under Elizabeth, that we trace "the form and pressure" of her time. In truth, there seems, to a reader at the present day, to be the essential weakness in the execution of the play, that it contains too much of the very faults it would expose; he becomes weary of the quaint verbalism, the strained affectation of phraseological acuteness, the slowness of the action, either retarded by distinctions and divisions of refinement entirely, or when it should become most lively and excited, losing itself in the crosspaths and byeways of indirect and sophisticated contrivance—the sacrifice of plainness and simplicity, not unfrequently involving loss of true sensitive consideration for the claims and feelings of others. The mirror, I suspect, reflects the age too truthfully,—at least a certain class of its faults; and the social exaggerations in language and demeanor, true as they are to general human nature, are still not at present so abundant in these forms, as to prepare us to relish a still more concentrated version on the stage. It seems supererogatory for the dramatist to set such whims and motives in action, and to

conduct them elaborately to their catastrophe, when we turn away from them at the first instance with disgust, and cannot have patience to sympathize with them so strongly as is requisite, if we would completely understand them. It was otherwise, no doubt, in the days of yore.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE PITH OF THE PLAY

Clearly, the pith of the play lies in the pleasant exposure of these affectations of Elizabethan culture. It is a "comedy of humors,"—Shakespeare's one experiment in the genre which a decade later Jonson made his own. Shakespeare, like Jonson after him, has his fling at the "vainglorious knight," "the profane jester," "the affected courtier"; but the animus of their satire is not altogether the same. Jonson assails these affectations with the downright scholar's scorn for shams; Shakespeare laughs at the "lost labor" of those who, in one or other of these ways, insist (in Biron's phrase) on "climbing over the house to unlock the little gate." But his laughter is not all in the same key. Holofernes and Armado are purely comic figures, commended to us by no single sympathetic touch, and sent off the stage sadder, but in no degree wiser than they entered it. Armado serves for the "quick creation" of Navarre and his bookmen. But Shakespeare has not a whit more respect for their own projected Academy of study, fasting and seclusion, and mercilessly derides it through the lips of Biron. But when they "of mere necessity" forswear their asceticism, and the "lost labors of love" actually begin, the satiric note becomes more equivocal. In the finest scene of the drama,—one of the finest comic scenes in all the early dramas,—where their perjury is discovered (IV, iii), the ridiculous situation of the perjured students contrasts strangely with the lyric beauty of the love-strains put into their mouths. The King's has a burlesque touch or two, but Dumain's is full of charm, and Longaville's is hardly distinguishable in tone

from the most ardent of Shakespeare's sonnets. If Shakespeare was here, as has been said, lashing the "Petrarcan sonneteers" of his time, it was with the mild stroke that became one who was himself to be so great a master in this form of love-labor. And as with the love-lyrics, so it is with the "taffeta phrases and silken terms" which Biron likewise renounces at Rosaline's feet. They were not for him, like Holofernes' Latinisms and Armado's fire-new terms, things wholly alien and apart; they were symbols of a phase of culture and refinement through which he was himself passing, of which he recognized the limits, but had not overcome the charm. We may surely recognize something of Shakespeare himself in the curious ambiguities in the fine character of Biron, who, after renouncing his silken terms precise, leaves his sickness by degrees, and has yet a trick of the old rage; and who is by turns a Romeo and a Mercutio in his view of love.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

If we were to part with any of the author's comedies, it should be this. Yet we should be loth to part with Don Adriano de Armado, that mighty potentate of nonsense, or his page, that handful of wit; with Nathaniel the curate, or Holofernes the school-master, and their dispute after dinner on "the golden cadences of poesy"; with Costard the clown, or Dull the constable. Biron is too accomplished a character to be lost to the world, and yet he could not appear without his fellow courtiers and the king: and if we were to leave out the ladies, the gentlemen would have no mistresses. So that we believe we may let the whole play stand as it is, and we shall hardly venture to "set a mark of reprobation on it." Still we have some objections to the style, which we think savors more of the pedantic spirit of Shakespear's time than of his own genius; more of controversial divinity, and the logic of Peter Lombard, than of the inspiration of the Muse. It transports us quite as much to the manners of the court, and the quirks of courts of law, as to the scenes of nature

or the fairy-land of his own imagination. Shakespear has set himself to imitate the tone of polite conversation then prevailing among the fair, the witty, and the learned, and he has imitated it but too faithfully. It is as if the hand of Titian had been employed to give grace to the curls of a full-bottomed periwig, or Raphael had attempted to give expression to the tapestry figures in the House of Lords. Shakespear has put an excellent description of this fashionable jargon into the mouth of the critical Holofernes "as too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it"; and nothing can be more marked than the difference when he breaks loose from the trammels he had imposed on himself, "as light as bird from brake," and speaks in his own person.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

The inner and ideal center upon which this graceful piece turns—in the light, playful movement of its humor—is the significant contrast between the fresh reality of life which ever renews its youth, and the abstract, dry and dead, study of philosophy. This contrast, when, in absolute strictness, it completely separates the two sides that belong to one another, at once contains an untruth which equally affects both sides, deprives both of their claim of right, and leads them into folly and into contradiction with themselves. That philosophy which disregards all reality and seeks to bury itself within itself, either succeeds in entombing itself in the barren sand of a shallow, absurd and pedantic learning, or else—overcome by the fascinations of youthful life—it becomes untrue to itself, turns into its opposite, and is justly derided as mere affectation and empty pretense. One of these results is exhibited here in the case of the learned Curate Sir Nathaniel, and the Schoolmaster Holofernes, two starched representatives of the retailers of learned trifles, and in the pompous, bombastic Spanish Knight, a very Don

Quixote in high-flown phraseology; the other is exhibited in the fate of the King and his associates. Owing to their capricious endeavor to gain knowledge and to study philosophy by living an entirely secluded life, they at once fall into all the frivolities and follies of love; in spite of their oaths and vows of fraternity, nature and living reality assert themselves and win an easy victory. And yet the victory of false wisdom is in reality nothing more than a victory of folly over folly. For nature and reality, taken by themselves, are only changing pictures, transient phenomena to interpret which correctly is the task of the inquiring mind. When they are not rightly understood, when the ethical relations forming their substance are not recognized, then life itself degenerates into a mere semblance, all the activity and pleasure in life become mere play and frivolity; without the seriousness of this recognition, love is mere tinsel, while talent, intelligence and culture become mere vain wit and an empty play of thoughts. This recognition is not, however, attained by communities for philosophical study and discussions, but by serious self-examination, by the exercise of self-control and the curbing of one's own lusts and desires, by seclusion only in this sense, and for this end. This, therefore, is imposed upon the Prince and his companions by their ladies as a punishment for their arrogance. The fine and ever correct judgment of noble women is here as triumphant as their great talent for social wit and refined intrigue. The moral of the piece may be said to be contained in the speech of the Princess where she condemns the King to a twelvemonth's fast and strict seclusion, in the sense intimated above, and again in the words of Rosaline, in which she makes it a condition to the vain Biron—a man who boasts of the power of his mind and wit in social intercourse—that, to win her love he shall for a twelvemonth from day to day visit "the speechless sick" and "converse with groaning wretches," and, in order to exercise all the powers of his wit, demands of him "to force the pained impotent to smile." The end of the

comedy thus, to a certain extent, returns to where it began: both sides of the contrast out of which it arose prove themselves untenable in their one-sided exclusiveness; the highest delight and pleasure of existence, all wit and all talents are mere vanity without the earnestness and depth of the thoughtful mind which apprehends the essence of life; but study and philosophy, also, are pure folly when kept quite apart from real life. It is the same contrast as that between Spring and Winter (cuckoo and owl): if separate from one another they would lead either to excessive luxuriousness or to a deadly state of torpidity; but they are not separate and are not intended to be separate, their constant change in rising out of and passing over one into the other, in short, their mutual inter-action produces true life. —Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE POET'S METRICAL REPERTOIRE

Love's Labor's Lost has claims to be considered Shakespeare's earliest original play, and it is found to be the one in which his metrical repertoire is most varied. We may erect a metrical scale, at the bottom of which is prose; next in order comes blank verse; rhymed couplets are a degree more elevated; and at the top come measures more lyrical than the couplet, such as alternate rhyming, or even trochaic and anapæstic rhythms. The alternation of these metrical styles is well illustrated in the central scene of the play, when the perjured celibates discover one another. Biron is the first on the ground and his soliloquy is in prose. The scene can hardly be said to have commenced until the arrival of another of the band, to be followed at intervals by the rest, each to expose in fancied solitude the perjury which is to be overheard. From this point the scene may be said to be in the medium measure of rhymed couplets, broken by brief drops to prose or irregular verse where the different parts of the scene join on to one another, and rising to climaxes of the elaborate lyrics. Thus three of the lovers read amatory effusions in lyrics; the

comments on these are in couplets, and often a line of comment from one place of concealment is, to the ear of the audience, capped by a rhyme from another. When the lovers spring in succession from their concealment the battle still rages in couplets, until a great change is made in the spirit of the scene by Biron, who abandons his annoyance at being discovered for justification of his perjury on the ground that his Rosaline surpasses the mistresses of all the rest. This change is reflected in a change to alternate rhyming, and in this meter the climax of the scene continues. At last another break in the scene comes when the king proposes to take things as they are and boldly justify them, and he calls in Biron for reasons, such as may serve to cheat the devil. Biron responds and his immensely long speech is in blank verse, here heard for the last time in the scene. This continues to the end, except that a scene of such metrical varieties cannot be wound up with merely the ordinary couplet, but has for its coda a couple of couplets followed by a quatrain of alternate rhymes.—Moulton, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre*
BIRON,
DUMAIN,
LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King*
BOYET,
MERCADE, } *lords attending on the Princess of France*
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster*
DULL, *a constable*
COSTARD, *a clown*
MOTH, *page to Armado*
A Forester

The PRINCESS of France
ROSALINE,
MARIA,
KATHARINE, } *ladies attending on the Princess*
JAQUENETTA, *a country wench*

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Navarre*

There is no list of "Dramatis Personæ" in the Quartos and Folios: it should be remembered that "Biron" is spelled "Berowne," rhyming with "moon" in Act IV. iii. 233; "Moth" was probably pronounced "Mote"; "Mercade" is generally "Marcade"; "Armado" is sometimes given as "Armatho"; "Boyet" rhymes with "debt" in V. ii. 334; "Longaville" with "ill" in IV. iii. 126, and with "mile" in V. ii. 53.—I. G.

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Ferdinand, king of Navarre, and Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, three of his lords, covenant together to spend three years in study and in that time to forego the society of women and to live monk-like lives. A proclamation is issued forbidding any woman to come within a mile of the court "on pain of losing her tongue." Costard, the king's clown, is ordered imprisoned for a week and to fast with bran and water because he was seen in the company of Jaquenetta, a country maid. His keeper is a Spanish gentleman, Armado by name, who is also a victim of Jaquenetta's charms.

ACT II

The daughter of the king of France comes to the court of Navarre on state business and she and her attending ladies are, because of Ferdinand's oath, lodged outside the gates of the city. The king and his three friends call on the princess and her ladies and each gentleman falls in love with one of the ladies.

ACT III

Armado releases Costard so that he may be employed in carrying a message to Jaquenetta. Biron also entrusts him with a note—this one addressed to the Lady Rosaline, one of the princess's ladies.

ACT IV

Costard confuses the missives, giving Armado's note to the Lady Rosaline and Biron's to Jaquenetta. The princess and her train get a great deal of enjoyment from the reading of Armado's letter. The country-maid, unable to read her message, carries it to the school-master. He, being conscientious and remembering the king's edict, directs Jaquenetta to take it to the king. Ferdinand and his other two gentlemen are each caught by another of his friends writing verses to the lady of his choice. Biron jeers at them for their weakness, but he is soon obliged to confess his own short-comings, for Jaquenetta brings his letter to the king. All having broken their vows, they now plan to win the ladies.

ACT V

The princess and her attendants receive letters and love-tokens from their lovers. The gentlemen visit them in disguise, but the ladies were warned in time to disguise themselves and the king and his friends each woo the wrong lady. Then the courtiers retire and unmask. On their return they are surprised and downcast over their blunders. A playlet is presented but the fun is interrupted by news of the death of the princess's father, the king of France. The gentlemen plainly ask the ladies to marry them, but they, unwilling to consent, impose a penance of a year's waiting on their lovers.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

ACT FIRST

Scene I

The king of Navarre's park.

Enter Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavor of this present breath may buy
That honor which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honor down
That violates the smallest breach therein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,

23. *"It"* evidently refers, not to *oaths,* but to the preceding clause: keep your *subscription,* or what you have sworn. So that the changing of *oaths* into *oath,* or of *it* into *them,* is quite unnecessary.—H. N. H.

And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Aye, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

62. *"feast"*; Quartos and Folios *"fast,"* corrected by Theobald.—I. G.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!

82. *"Who dazzling so";* "that when he *dazzles,* that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a *fairer* eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed,* his direction or *lodestar,* and give him light that was blinded by it."—Johnson.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost, 100
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

104. *"Any abortive,"* the reading of the Quartos and Folios; probably an error for "an," as corrected by Pope.—I. G.

106. *"shows";* Theobald substituted *"earth"* for the sake of the rhyme; Walker proposed *"mirth."* Malone supposes a line to be lost after line 104.—I. G.

108–109. *"So you to study . . . little gate";* this is one of the instances where the reading of the first Quarto is better than that of the Folio:—

"So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate."

Various emendations have been proposed; the only real difficulty is in the loose use of the word *"so."* Biron says that he likes of each thing that in season grows; "so" presupposes, however, some statement to this effect; "to wish for, or to do, a thing out of season is huge folly"; (*so* you, now that it is too late to study, climb o'er the house, &c.).—I. G.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,'—Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'on pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'
This article, my liege, yourself must break;

129. *"Gentility,"* that is, *politeness, civility;* referring to the influence of woman in bringing or keeping man out of barbarism and brutality.—H. N. H.

For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Aye, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveler of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.

185. *"Tharborough";* the reading of the Quarto *"farborough"* probably gives us Dull's actual pronunciation of his office.—I. G.

There 's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The matter of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form; and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

196. *"heaven,"* so Quartos and Folios. Theobald proposed *"having"*; whatever may be the exact force of the phrase, it seems most probable that *"heaven"* is the right word, and no emendation is necessary.—I. G.

205. *"taken with the manner"* (mainour), "with the thing stolen upon him," a legal phrase. There is thus a threefold quibble upon the word.—C. H. H.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention!

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. 'Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is,'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-colored melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humor to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I

did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colored ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King [*reads*]. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'—

Cost. O, me!

King [*reads*]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,'—

Cost. With a wench.

King [*reads*]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a

253. Ancient gardens abounded with *knots* or figures, of which the lines intersected each other. In the old books of gardening are devices for them.—H. N. H.

man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Aye, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.
King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.
Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*
Biron. I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.
Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?
Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.
Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

5. "*Imp*" literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree, hence

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or child. Thus, in the Introduction to Book i. of *The Faerie Queene:*

> "And thou, most dreaded *impe* of highest Jove,
> Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
> At that good Knight so cunningly didst rove,
> That glorious fire it kindled in his hart."

And again, in the interview of Una and Prince Arthur, Book i. Can. 9, stan. 6:

> "'Well worthy *impe,*' said then the Lady gent,
> 'And pupil fitt for such a tutor's hand!'"

Of course everybody knows the word is now used only for a wicked or mischievous being,—a child of the devil.—H. N. H.

Arm. In thy condign praise.
Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.
Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?
Moth. That an eel is quick.
Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.
Moth. I am answered, sir.
Arm. I love not to be crossed.
Moth. [*Aside*]. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.
Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.
Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.
Arm. Impossible.
Moth. How many is one thrice told?
Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.
Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.
Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.
Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.
Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.
Arm. True.
Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

58. The "*dancing horse*" was a very celebrated wonder of the Poet's

Arm. A most fine figure!
Moth. To prove you a cipher.
Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?
Moth. Hercules, master.
Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.
Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.
Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as

time. He was the pupil and property of a person named Bankes. Sir Kenelm Digby says,—"He would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master." Bankes showed his horse upon the continent, and in France had a narrow escape from the Capuchins, who suspected him of being in league with the devil. There was a report that he fell a victim to a similar suspicion at Rome. Ben Jonson, in his *Epigrams,* speaks of

> "Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
> Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which
> Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
> Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."—H. N. H.

thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers; but to have a love of that color, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;

85. *"complexion,"* temperament. The four "complexions" were those in which one of the four "humors" was predominant, *i. e.* the "sanguine," "phlegmatic," "choleric," "melancholy" dispositions. The word had also its modern sense, on which Moth plays.—C. H. H.

97. *"A green wit";* a probable allusion, according to the Cambridge editors, to the "green withes" with which Samson was bound.—I. G.

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to

117. The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid* may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.—I. G.

Arm. "I will tell thee wonders."
Jaq. "With that face?"
Arm. "I love thee."
Jaq. "So I heard you say."

Love's Labour's Lost. Act 1, Scene 2.

take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offenses ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up,

139. A *"day-woman"* is a *dairy-woman.* Johnson says *day* is an old word for milk. A dairy-maid is still called a *dey* or *day* in the northern parts of Scotland.—H. N. H.

143. Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross-purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the common people of some counties) in the sense of *as it may happen.* He takes it in the sense of *just by.* —H. N. H.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!
Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.
Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.
Moth. What shall some see?
Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*
Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rust, rapier!

be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The same.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth

Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
[*Exit Boyet.*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:

45. *"Well fitted in arts";* the second Folio inserts "the," omitted in the earlier editions.—I. G.

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard the truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales.

And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeeled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?

114–128. The speakers in Quarto 1 are "Berowne" and "Katharine." —I. G.

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,

129. Shakespeare may have got a hint for this passage from Monstrelet's *Chronicles,* according to which Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and other lordships for the Duchy of Nemours and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns (*vide Shakespeare's Library,* ed. Hazlitt, Part I. Vol. i.).—I. G.

Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.
Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honor, without breach of honor, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbor in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says 'aye.'

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my color is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Long.*

Biron. What 's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit Biron.*

Mar. That last is Biron the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I a pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviors did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

223. A quibble is here intended upon the word *several,* which, besides its ordinary signification of separate, distinct, signified also an enclosed pasture, as opposed to an open field or common. Thus, in Lord Bacon's Apothegms: "There was a lord that was leane of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew fat. One said to him,—'Your lordship doth contrary to other married men; for they first wax lean, and you wax fat.' Sir Walter Raleigh stood by, and said,—'Why there is no beast, that if you take him from the *common,* and put him into the *several,* but he will wax fat."—H. N. H.

238. *"Impatient to speak and not see," i. e.* "not able to endure merely the faculty of speech without that of sight."—I. G.

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I 'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

239. Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, yet the sense appears to be, that his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance as they in their perception. —H. N. H.

246. In Shakespeare's time, notes, quotations, &c., were usually printed in the *margin* of books.—H. N. H.

Boyet. When then, do you see?
Ros. Aye, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel. [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

3. The songs formerly used on the stage were often popular ditties, and therefore were omitted in the writing of a play. Such is apparently the case here; *"Concolinel"* being the first word of Moth's "sweet air." The song is probably lost; at least, it has not been identified.—H. N. H.

9. *"Brawl,"* from the French *bransle,* is a kind of dance mentioned by several old writers, and thus described by Marston: "The *brawl!* why, 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honor." Ben Jonson gives it a most poetical dash in *The Vision of Delight:*

"In curious knots and mazes so
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away.

His Flora, had their motions too:
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian *brawls,* and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

And Gray thus alludes to Elizabeth's "dancing Chancellor," while describing the ancient seat of the Hattons:

"Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-keeper led the *brawls;*
The seals and maces danc'd before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."
—H. N. H.

12. *"Canary"* was the name of a sprightly dance, sometimes accompanied by the castanets.—H. N. H.

21. "It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some part of the drapery, to avoid the labor of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety."—Steevens.

These are compliments, these are humors; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in

32. The *"Hobby-horse"* was a personage belonging to the ancient Morris dance, when complete. It was the figure of a horse fastened round the waist of a man, his own legs going through the body of the horse, and enabling him to walk, but concealed by a long foot-cloth; while false legs appeared where those of the man should be at the side of the horse. The Puritans waged a furious war against the Morris dance; which caused the Hobby-horse to be often left out: hence the line or burden of the song, which passed into a proverb.—H. N. H.

35. Dr. Johnson says,—"A colt is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow." *"Hackney"* seems to have been a cant term for a prostitute, or a stale.—H. N. H.

love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l' envoy; begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

75. *"Costard,"* that is, a head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head: hence the "wonder" of the thing.—H. N. H.

76. *"L'envoy,"* an old French term for concluding verses, which served either to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.—H. N. H.

78. A *"mail"* or *male* was a budget, wallet, or portmanteau. Costard, mistaking *enigma, riddle,* and *l'envoy* for names of slaves, objects to the application of any *salve* in the budget, and cries out for a *plantain* leaf. There is a quibble upon *salve* and *salvé,* a word with which it was not unusual to conclude epistles, and which therefore was a kind of *l'envoy.* Tyrwhitt aptly proposed to read, —"No salve in *them all,* sir": but as the meaning is the same either way, perhaps it is best not to admit the change.—H. N. H.

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the l'envoy.
Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; aye, that 's a fat goose.
Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

108. That is, hath made a fool of him; or, as we should say, has come it over him.—H. N. H.

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta:

118. Alluding to the proverb, "Three women and a *goose* make a *market*."—H. N. H.

there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honor is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that 's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What 's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I 'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go. [*Giving him a shilling.*
Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*
Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:—O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colors like a tumbler's hoop!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Aye, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

200. *"Colors";* it was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colors. It appears that a tumbler's hoop was usually dressed out with colored ribands.—H. N. H.

202. Clocks, which were usually imported from Germany at this time, were intricate and clumsy pieces of mechanism, soon deranged, and frequently "out of frame." Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman,* Act iv. sc. 1, thus describes a fashionable lady: "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great *German clock.*"—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The same.

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, 11
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

1–4. These lines, as Spedding pointed out, were most probably introduced in the corrected copy. "It was thus that Shakespeare learnt to shade off his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage." —I. G.

For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

41. The Princess calls Costard *"a member of the commonwealth,"* because he is one of the attendants on the king and his associates in their new-modeled society.—H. N. H.

42. *"God dig-you-den,"* a corruption of God give you good even.—H. N. H.

56. *"Break up this capon,"* that is, open this letter. The Poet uses this metaphor as the French do their *poulet;* which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. To *break up* was a phrase for to *carve.* —H. N. H.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
Boyet [*reads*]. By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar! —videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love?

I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

103. *"Monarcho";* the allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. Thus Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia,* 1598: "Popular applause doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." He is called an Italian

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Aye, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

by Nashe, and Churchyard has written some lines which he calls his Epitaphe. By another writer it appears that he was a Bergamasco. —H. N. H.

112. An equivoque was here intended; it should appear that the words *shooter* and *suitor* were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvelous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

139. *"Wide of the bow-hand";* this is a term in archery still in use, signifying "a good deal to the left of the mark." Of the other expressions, the *clout* was the white mark at which the archers took aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail in the center of it.—H. N. H.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*
[*Exit Costard, running.*

150. *"Armado o' th' one side";* the reading is due to Rowe; the first Quarto has *"Armatho ath toothen side,"* and the Folio *"Armathor ath to the side."* Possibly the whole passage from *"O my troth . . . nit"* should have been printed in the previous scene, after line 140, and some editors make the transposition.—I. G.

Scene II

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished,

11. In *The Return from Parnassus,* 1606, is the following account of the appellations of deer at their different ages: "Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck. Likewise, your hart is, the first year, a calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is, the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase."—H. N. H.

uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather,
unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in school:
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?
Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.
Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.
Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.
Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humor the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.
Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.
Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.
The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

44. *"The allusion holds in the exchange," i. e.* "the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as when I use the name of Cain."—I. G.

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

63. *"one sorel";* the first Quarto has *"o sorrell,* and the Folios *"O sorell";* Capell proposed *"O sore L,"* which is generally adopted. —I. G.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good luster of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as to read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveler doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are

103. *"Mantuan,"* Baptista Mantuanus (1448–1516), general of the Carmelite order, whose *Eclogues* were used in the English grammar schools, and hence familiar to Shakespeare. *Fauste, precor,* etc., is the opening of the first eclogue.—C. H. H.

105–106. The first Quarto and Folio give the following reading:—

"Vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche";

the reading adopted by the Cambridge editors is from Florio's *Second Frutes* (1591), whence Shakespeare probably took it.—I. G.

the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Aye, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

Nath. [*reads*].

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Aye, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship 's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this

129. *"apostrophas";* this is taken by some editors to refer to the apostrophies in *vow'd* and *bow'd* (ll. 116, 118), and the words are accordingly printed *"vowed"* and *"bowed";* this interpretation seems unsatisfactory, but so far nothing better has been advanced. Does not Holofernes' criticism bear directly on the last line of the canzonet? Nathaniel should have read:—

"That singës heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

It was usual to mark *es* with two dots when sounded: Holofernes may mean by *"apostrophas," "diæreses."* The poem is printed with a few variant readings (*e. g. "to sing"*) in the *Passionate Pilgrim,* where also are found ll. 62–75 and ll. 101–120 of the next scene, also with some interesting points of difference.—I. G.

Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colorable colors. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvelous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you

too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the

other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[*Stands aside.*

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Aye me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [*reads*].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O, queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I 'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

Long. Aye me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.

50. The ancient punishment of a perjured person was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.—H. N. H.

55. By *"triumviry"* and the *"shape of love's Tyburn,"* Shakespeare alludes to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally *triangular.* —H. N. H.

61. *"Slops"* were wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in Shakespeare's time.—*"Guards"* are facings, trimmings.—H. N. H.

Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me:
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

76. The *"liver"* was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "If ever *love* had interest in his *liver.*" —H. N. H.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumain with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted. 89

Biron. An amber-color'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Aye, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

83. *"More sacks to the mill";* Mr. Collier says this is a well-known game still played among boys. A passage in Gayton's *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote* gives it another meaning more apt to the occasion: "Who were oppressed and overladen with heavy packs, and ought not to have laid more sacks to the mill." *"All hid,"* three lines above, of course is the child's play, *hide and seek.*—H. N. H.

84. A *"woodcock"* means a foolish fellow; that bird being supposed to have *no brains.*—H. N. H.

89. *"Quoted"* signifies *marked* or *noted.* The construction of this passage will therefore be: "Her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves."—H. N. H.

Biron. "———And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O Heavens, I have my wish!"

Love's Labours Lost. Act 4, Scene 3.

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprison!
Dum. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. [*reads*]
On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;

111. *"Wish,"* so the Quartos and first Folio; in the *Passionate Pilgrim "wish'd";* similarly in line 115 *"thorn"* is due to the version printed in *England's Helicon;* the other editions read *"throne."* Rowe first proposed the change.—I. G.

And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. [*advancing*] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have seen closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion;
Aye me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

145. The second Folio omits *one*. Walker's suggestion *"One's"* makes the line rhythmic.—I. G.

You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To Dum.*
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
[*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You 'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

149. *"Faith infringed,"* the reading of the Quartos and the Folio; *"faith so infringed"* seems the most satisfactory emendation proposed.—I. G.

To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

169. *"a gnat,"* perhaps alluding to the fact that it sings, as it flies. Biron refers probably to the King's sonnets.—I. G.

King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*
Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson logger-head! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

215. *"sirs."* The term could be used, in the unceremonious sense, in addressing inferiors of both sexes, and even women alone.—C. H. H.

Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the school of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair

251. *"wood"*; Quartos and Folios read *"word."*—I. G.

258. *"school of night"*; so the early editions; *"scowl," "stole," "soul," "scroll," "seal," "shade,"* have been proposed by various scholars; possibly, as the Cambridge editors suggest, *"school"* is an error for *shoote, i. e. suit.*—I. G.

262. This alludes to the fashion, prevalent among ladies in Shake-

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favor turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

speare's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were then called, before that covering for the head had been adopted by men.—H. N. H.

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Aye, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires

The sinewy vigor of the traveler.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practicers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valor, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

344. *"Hesperides,"* that is, the Garden of the Hesperides. Some of the commentators have made a very needless ado about the Poet's mistake, as they call it, in thus putting the name of the owners for the name of the thing owned. But the same thing was done by several writers of that time; and indeed similar forms of elliptical expression often occur in all sorts of writing and conversation. Gabriel Harvey, a man of unquestionable learning, uses Hesperides in the same way. Thus, also, in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:*

> "Show the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
> Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
> That watch'd the *garden call'd Hesperides.*"—H. N. H.

348. Heath thus explains this passage: "Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." The sleep-persuading powers of music have been much celebrated by poets of all times, and are probably well known to all who have been children. Shirley in his *Love Tricks* carries the thing about far enough:

> "The tongue that's able to rock heaven asleep,
> And make the music of the spheres stand still,
> To listen to the happier airs it makes,
> And mend their tunes by it."—H. N. H.

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men:
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfills the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours

Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbos-

1. *"Satis quod sufficit,"* enough's as good as a feast.—H. N. H.

ity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbor, vocatur nebor; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath

33. In Quarto and Folio the line reads:—

"Bome boon for boon priscian, a little scratcht 'twil serve."—I. G.

44. *"Alms-basket,"* that is, the refuse of words. The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket,* and given to the poor, in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

47. *"honorificabilitudinitatibus."* This word, the longest word in mediæval Latin, was a proverbial example of elaborate word-formation in the Latin schools of the sixteenth century. It occurs in MS. at least as early as the twelfth century; in the *Catholicon* of Johannes of Janua (1286), in Dante's *De vulgari eloquio,* and in late Middle Latin dictionaries. It was an abstract of *honorificare,* and meant (in the nominative) the state of being loaded with honors. A verse was current in the Middle Ages: *"Fulget honorificabilitudinitatibus iste."*—C. H. H.

48. A *"flap-dragon"* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth.—H. N. H.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine

Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offense gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

142. Capell proposed *"or"* for *"and"*; the passage is evidently corrupt.—I. G.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Aye, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favor too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favor were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Aye, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!

46. *Katharine's* face, it seems, was *pitted,* she having had the *small-pox:* hence the "pox of that jest"; the Princess turning off the talk, lest it get too personal.—H. N. H.

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her Grace?

67. *"perttaunt-like";* this word is the *crux* of the play: the early editions read *"perttaunt-like"* and *"pertaunt-like."* Theobald reads *"pedant-like,"* and other editors suggest *"portent-like," "pageant-like," "potently," "persaunt-like."* It is perhaps worth while suggesting that the phrase (*tant*) *pour tant* (*quasi* "tit for tat") perhaps underlies the word: it may well have been used in some game: Mr. Marshall quotes *pur Tant* from a poetical description of an old game, but no explanation has as yet been advanced.—I. G.

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm; encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defense;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbor thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.'

With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do 't, come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know

117. That is, a *fit* of laughter. The spleen was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. So the old Latin verse: *"Splen* ridere facit, cogit amare jecur."—H. N. H.

121. Hall, describing a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors at Westminster, in the first year of Henry VIII, says, there "came the Lorde Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lorde Fitzwater, in two long gownes of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosen sattin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Which may serve to show that a mask of Muscovites was a court recreation, and at the same time convey an idea of the dress used on the present occasion.—H. N. H.

By favors several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favors too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
Ros. Come on, then; wear the favors most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth; the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames [*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!
Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—
Boyet. True; out indeed.
Moth. Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—
Biron [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

187. A grave, solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet. As it was of so solemn a nature, it was performed at public entertainments in the Inns of Court; and it was not unusual, nor thought inconsistent, for the first characters in the law to bear a part in *"treading a measure."* Sir Christopher Hatton was famous for it.—H. N. H.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There 's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so! Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let 's part the word.
Kath. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favors; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

281. An act was passed in 1571, "for the continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers, providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should, on Sabbath days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." The meaning of this passage probably is, "better wits may be found among plain citizens." So, in *The Family of Love,* 1608: "It is a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps.*"—H. N. H.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where 's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

297. *"Ladies unmasked"* are like *angels vailing clouds,* or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness *sink* before them.—H. N. H.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes! Behavior, what wert thou

332. *"To show his teeth as white as whale's bone";* this should certainly be printed *whalës bone,* the regular name for walrus tusk in old English.—I. G.

Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honor yet as pure
As the unsullied lily I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

338. *"Madman,"* obviously an error for *"man"*; "mad" probably due to *"madam"* in the next line.—I. G.

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Aye, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they 'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swound! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la,—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

419. This was the inscription put upon the doors of houses *infected* with the plague. The *tokens* of the plague were the first spots of discolorations of the skin.—H. N. H.

427. That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process? The quibble lies in the ambiguity of the word *sue* which signifies to *proceed to law,* and to *petition.*—H. N. H.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honor, no.
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favors; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
[*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know: 490
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

490. In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo,* under which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the king to any subject. Such a person, when this grant was asked, was said *to be begged for a fool.* One of the legal tests appears to have been, to try whether the party could answer a simple arithmetical question. —H. N. H.

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things laboring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again

546. *"Throw at novum";* a game at dice, properly called *novem quinque,* from the principal throws being *nine* and *five. Abate* obviously means, *leave out* or *except.*—H. N. H.

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee. 550

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And traveling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth, but I hope I was 560 perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

550. This alludes to the old heroic habits, which, on the knees and shoulders, had sometimes by way of ornament the resemblance of a *leopard's* or lion's head.—H. N. H.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismayed. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on

568–569. According to Plutarch, Alexander's head had a twist towards the left; he states also that Alexander's skin had "a marvellous good savor."—I. G.

"Lion . . . close-stool"; this alludes to the arms given, in the old history of the Nine Worthies, to Alexander, "the which did bear geules a lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent." There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jackes,* by no means uncommon at the time.—H. N. H.

THE NINE WORTHIES.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed canis;"

Love's Labor's Lost. Act 5, Scene 2.

a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvelous good neighbor, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

593. *"Canis"; "canus"* in the old editions, required for the sake of the rhyme.—I. G.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Aye, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Aye, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

614. The *"cittern,"* a musical instrument like a guitar, had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board; hence these jests.—H. N. H.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Judas, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Aye, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.
Boyet. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.
Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick;

the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Aye, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for 't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt;
I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome
for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn,
he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's
and that a' wears next his heart for a favor.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath.
I have seen the day wrong through the little
hole of discretion, and I will right myself
like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*
King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavors; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.

750–751. The meaning of these somewhat obscure lines seems to be that "the latest minute of the hour (*cp.* line 797) often fashions or molds all causes or questions to the purposes of his speed, that is, to his own intents"; "the extreme parts are the end parts, *'extremities'*—as, of our body, fingers; of chains, the final links; of given portions of time, the last of those units into which we choose to divide them." Observe *"forms"* for *"form"* by attraction of *"time."* In the next lines the metaphor is derived from archery.—I. G.

762. *"Double";* so Quartos and Folios; many modern editors adopt *"dull"* from the Collier MS.—I. G.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humors
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favors, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time;
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

773. *"strange"*; the Quartos and Folios read *"straying,"* probably merely a variant spelling of *"strange."*—I. G.

In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favor mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?
Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

828–832. The justice of Coleridge's remarks upon these lines is obvious enough: "There can be no doubt indeed about the propriety of expunging this speech of Rosaline's; it soils the very page that retains it. But I do not agree with Warburton and others in striking out the preceding line also. It is quite in Biron's character, and, Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question for him, and, after he and Longaville are answered, Biron, with evident propriety, says,—'*Studies* my lady?'" &c. Nevertheless, we would not venture to strike it out; though we have little doubt it was retained by mistake when the Poet rewrote the play; and perhaps the two speeches may be taken as an apt illustration of the difference between the original and the augmented copies.—H. N. H.

Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I 'll stay with patience: but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamors of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Aye, sweet my Lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

885. *"Jack hath not Jill," cp. Midsummer Night's Dream,* III. ii. 461:—

"Jack shall have Jill:
Nought shall go ill:
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."—I. G.

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

SPRING. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;

906. Gerarde in his *Herbal,* 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine,* &c., are called "in English *cuckoo flowers,* in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks.*" In Lyte's *Herbal,* 1578, it is remarked, that *cowslips* are, in French, of some called *coquu* prime vere, and brayes de *coquu. Herbe a coqu* was one of the old French names for the *cowslip,* which it seems probable is the flower here meant.—H. N. H.

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo; O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this way. [*Exeunt.*

935. The *crab-apple,* which used to be roasted and put hissing hot into a bowl of ale, previously enriched with toast, and spice, and sugar. How much this was relished in old times, may be guessed by those who appreciate the virtues of apple-toddy. Warner thus speaks of a shepherd:

"And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then, jogging home betime,
He *turns a crab,* or tunes a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme."—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A,' he; V. ii. 13.

Abate, deduct, leave out, except; *vide* Novum; V. ii. 547.

Academe, Academy; I. i. 13.

Address'd, prepared; II. i. 83.

Affection, affectation; V. i. 5.

Affect, adore; I. ii. 175.

Affect the letter, use alliteration; IV. ii. 56.

Affects, affections, inclinations; I. i. 152.

Ajax, probably used with a play upon *a jakes,* a well-known coarse joke of the time; V. ii. 581.

All hid, the children's cry in the game of "hide and seek"; IV. iii. 80.

Allow'd, privileged (as a fool); V. ii. 478.

An if, if (emphatic); I. i. 50.

Annothanize (so Folio 1 and Quartos; the other Folios "anatomize"), probably Armado's rendering of "anatomize"; IV. i. 69.

Antique, antic; V. i. 127.

Apple of her eye, "upon the a." ="in obedience to her glance"; V. ii. 475.

Art, science; "living art," *i. e.* "immortal science"; I. i. 14.

Ates, mischiefs, instigations; (Até the goddess of mischief that incited to bloodshed); V. ii. 694.

Bandied; *vide* Set.

Bargain, "to sell a bargain" seems to have consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself a fool; III. i. 108.

Base, mean, mere; I. i. 87.

Bate, blunt; I. i. 6.

Beg; "you cannot beg us," *i. e.* you cannot prove us to be idiots and apply to be our guardians; you cannot beg the wardship of our persons and property; V. ii. 490.

Ben venuto, welcome (Italian); IV. ii. 172.

Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; V. ii. 46.

Betime, betide, chance; IV. iii. 385.

Bias, preponderant tendency (originally a term in bowling); IV. ii. 119.

Bird-bolt, a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; IV. iii. 27.

Blood, "in blood," used technically in the sense of "in full vigor"; IV. ii. 4.

Bold of, confident in; II. i. 28.

Bombast, padding (cotton used to stuff out garments); V. ii. 791.

Brawl, a kind of dance, "wherein many (men and women) holding by the hands some-

times in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move all together"; III. i. 9.

Breathed, endowed with breath, vigorous; V. ii. 659.

Button-hole; "let me take you a b. lower," *i. e.* "let me speak without ceremony"; V. ii. 706.

Butt-shaft, a kind of arrow used for shooting at *butts,* or targets; I. ii. 186.

Can, did; an old corruption of "gan" (*cp.* the version printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*), with which word it was frequently confused; IV. iii. 109.

Canary, to dance the canary, a fantastic savage dance, said to have been brought from the Canary Islands; III. i. 12.

Capon, used like *poulet* in French for a love-letter; "break up this capon," *i. e.* open this letter; IV. i. 56.

Career, encounter of knights at full gallop; V. ii. 482.

Carve, to show amorous courtesy; V. ii. 323.

Caudle, a warm drink of gruel with wine and spice added, often given to the sick; IV. iii. 177.

Cause, used in the technical sense of "cause of quarrel"; I. ii. 189.

Chapmen, sellers; II. i. 16.

Charge-house, a school-house, not found elsewhere; printed "charg-house" in Fol. 1. and Q. 1.; perhaps = "church-house" as pronounced by Armado: "charter-house," "large-house," etc., have been suggested; V. i. 91.

Chose, choice, well-chosen; V. i. 104.

Chuck, a term of endearment; V. i. 125.

Circum circa (Quartos and Folios "unum cita," emended by Theobald), round and round; V. i. 76.

Cittern-head, "the cittern had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board"; V. ii. 614.

Claws, scratches in a pleasing manner, humors, flatters; IV. ii. 66.

Clean timbered, well-made, faultlessly shaped; V. ii. 642.

Clout, the white mark at which archers took their aim; IV. i. 140.

Cockled, enclosed in a shell; IV. iii. 341.

Codpiece, part of the male dress of the period; III. i. 196.

Cog, deceive; V. ii. 235.

Colorable colors, specious pretexts; IV. ii. 164.

Common sense, ordinary sight, or perception; I. i. 57, 64.

Competitors, associates; II. i. 82.

Complements, accomplishments, probably with the idea of "formal accomplishments," "external shows"; I. i. 169.

Complexion, temperament, disposition (used quibblingly); I. ii. 85.

Compliment, formality; IV. ii. 155.

Conceit's, thought's; II. i. 72.

Concolinel, probably the beginning or burden of a song; III. i. 3.

Consent, compact; V. ii. 460.

CONTEMPTS = contents; I. i. 191.
CONVERSE OF BREATH, conversation; V. ii. 745.
CONVINCE, overcome; V. ii. 756.
CORMORANT, ravenous; I. i. 4.
CORNER-CAP, the beretta, or three-cornered cap of a Roman Catholic priest; IV. iii. 55.
CORPORAL OF THE FIELD, an officer similar to our aide-de-camp; III. i. 199.
COUPLEMENT, couple (used by Armado); V. ii. 535.
COURSING, chasing; IV. iii. 1.
COURTESY, curtsy; I. ii. 68.
CRABS, crab-apples; V. ii. 935.
CRACK, boast; IV. iii. 271.
CREST, badge; "beauty's crest becomes the heavens well" (*i. e.* the brightness which is the badge of beauty); IV. iii. 259.
CRITIC, carper; III. i. 188.
CRITIC, cynical; "critic Timon," the misanthrope *par excellence;* IV. iii. 173.
CROSSES, used quibblingly in the sense of money; many old coins were marked with a cross on one side; I. ii. 37.
CUCKOO-BUDS, probably the buttercup, or the bud of the cowslip, the name is now given to the meadow cress; V. ii. 906.
CURIOUS-KNOTTED, elaborately laid out in knots, intricately-devised beds in which flowers were planted; I. i. 253.
CURST, shrewish; IV. i. 36.

DANCING-HORSE; an allusion to a famous performing horse often alluded to by contemporary writers as "Bankes' horse"; he is said to have gone up to the top of St. Paul's in 1600; (*cp.* Chambers's *Book of Days*); I. ii. 58.
DAY-WOMAN, dairy-woman; I. ii. 139.
DAZZLING, being dazzled; "who dazzling so," *i. e.* "that when he has his eye made weak" (by fixing it upon a fairer eye); I. i. 82.
DEAR, used intensitively ("dear groans"); V. ii. 874.
DEAREST, best; II. i. 1.
DEBATE, contest; I. i. 174.
DEPART, to part; II. i. 147.
DICTYNNA (Dictisima, Dictissima, Dictima, in Folios and Quartos), one of the names of Diana; IV. ii. 39, 40.
DIGRESSION, transgression; I. ii. 123.
DISGRACE, disfigurement; I. i. 3.
DISPOSED, inclined to be somewhat wantonly merry; II. i. 250.
DOMINICAL, the red letter which in old almanacs denotes the Lord's day; "red d. my golden letter" referring to the fashionable color of Katharine's hair; V. ii. 44.
DOUBT; "made a d."="expressed a fear"; V. ii. 101.
DRY-BEATEN, cudgeled; V. ii. 263.

EPITHETON, epithet (used by Armado); I. ii. 15.
EXTEMPORAL, unpremeditated; I. ii. 189.

FADGE, turn out well; V. i. 154.
FAIR, beauty; IV. i. 17.
FAIRINGS, presents (originally the nicknacks bought at fairs); V. ii. 2.
FAMILIAR, familiar spirit, demon; I. ii. 181.

FASTING, hungry; IV. iii. 125.
FAVOR, leave, pardon; III. i. 72.
FAVOR, a present, token of love; V. ii. 30; with a quibble on "favor"="face"; V. ii. 33.
FESTINATELY, quickly; III. i. 6.
FIERCE, ardent; V. ii. 863.
FILED, polished; V. i. 13.
FIRE-NEW, brand-new; I. i. 179.
FITTED, equipped; II. i. 45.
FLAP-DRAGON, a small substance set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor, to be swallowed flaming; V. i. 48.
FLASK, a powder-flask; V. ii. 619.
FLEER'D, laughed; V. ii. 109.
FORCE, to care; V. ii. 440.
FORM, bench, used quibblingly; I. i. 209.
FORTUNA DE LA GUERRA (Spanish), fortune of war (used by Armado); V. ii. 533.
FRAME, order; III. i. 203.

GALLOWS, used playfully for a mischievous knave (*cp.* wag = wag-halter); V. ii. 12.
GELDED, maimed; II. i. 149.
GENTILITY, good manners (Theobald conjectured "garrulity"); I. i. 129.
GET THE SUN; in the days of archery it was an advantage to get the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy; IV. iii. 372.
GIG, a kind of top; IV. iii. 170.
GLOZES, sophistries; IV. iii. 370.
GOD DIG-YOU-DEN, *i. e.* "God give you good evening"; IV. i. 42.
GREASILY, grossly; IV. i. 143.
GUARDS, trimmings, ornaments; IV. iii. 60.

HALF-CHEEK, profile; V. ii. 620.
HANDS; "of all hands"="in any case"; IV. iii. 222.
HAY, an old country-dance; V. i. 161.
HEAD, "a buck of the first head" ="a buck of the fifth year"; IV. ii. 12.
HEED, protection, lodestar; I. i. 82.
HEREBY, used by Jaquenetta in the sense of "as it may happen"; Armado takes it to mean "close by"; I. ii. 143.
HID, *vide* "ALL HID."
HIGHT, is called; I. i. 171.
HIND, boor, peasant (with a quibble on "hind," the beast; hence "rational hind"); I. ii. 126.
HOBBY-HORSE, one of the principal characters in the old Morris-dance, but growing out of use after the Reformation; "The hobby-horse is forgot" was a well-known quotation from some popular ballad ("But O," or "For O," preceded); III. i. 32.
HOME, a home thrust; V. i. 67.
HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS, a word often mentioned as the longest in the language; its source is not known; V. i. 47.
HORN-BOOK, primer; V. i. 53.
HUMOROUS, capricious; III. i. 177.

IMP, youngster; V. ii. 592.
INCISION, blood-letting; IV. iii. 100.
INCONY, nice, smart; III. i. 144.
INKLE, tape; III. i. 148.
INSANIE (Folios and Quartos, infamie), insanity, madness; V. i. 28.
INTELLECT, signature; IV. ii. 145.
INWARD, confidential; V. i. 108.
IT, used with general reference to a plural substantive preceding; I. i. 23.

JAQUES (dissyllabic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare); II. i. 42.

JOAN, common designation for a peasant girl; III. i. 217.

JUVENAL, juvenile, youth (used by Armado); I. ii. 8.

KEEL, to cool by stirring, or perhaps to scum the pot in order to keep it from boiling over; V. ii. 930.

KERSEY, a coarse woollen stuff; V. ii. 413.

KINGLY-POOR (not hyphened in Folios and Quartos); "K. flout"= (?) "poor mockery of a king," or "poor mockery given with the airs of royalty"; ("poor-liking," "poor kingly," have been suggested); V. ii. 269.

LADY-SMOCKS, probably the flowers of the *Cardamine Pratensis*, so called from the resemblance of its flowers to little smocks hung out to dry; or perhaps the name is a corruption of "Our Lady's smock"; V. ii. 905.

LANCES, lancers; V. ii. 650.

LAST, continue, remain, "l. love," *i. e.* "continue to be love"; V. ii. 813.

L'ENVOY, often used at this period with the article or pronoun prefixed, hence "thy l'envoy"; III. i. 76.

LIBBARD'S, leopard's; V. ii. 551.

LIE, lodge; I. i. 149.

LIVER-VEIN, the style and manner of men in love; IV. iii. 76.

'LONG OF, owing to; II. i. 119.

LOOSE, loosing of the shaft; V. ii. 752.

"LORD HAVE MERCY ON US," the inscription put upon the doors of houses infected with the plague; V. ii. 419.

LOVES, affects; IV. iii. 361.

MAGNIFICENT, pompous; III. i. 190.

MAIL, bag (the Quartos and Folio 1 read: "in the male"; Tyrwhitt's ingenious emendation "in them all" has been adopted by many editors); III. i. 78.

MALMSEY, a kind of sweet wine; V. ii. 233.

MANAGE, government, training (of horses); V. ii. 482.

MANAGER, one who wields arms; I. ii. 193.

MANNER, a law term (=mainour); "taken with them," *i. e.* "taken with the thing stolen upon him"; I. i. 205.

MANTUAN, Giovanni Battista Spagnoli, named Mantuanus, was the author of certain eclogues written in Latin which were read in schools; Holofernes quotes the first line of the first eclogue; IV. ii. 103.

MARGENT, margin (an allusion to the custom of writing notes in the margin of books); II. i. 246.

MARKET, "he ended the market," alluding to the proverb, "three women and a goose make a market"; III. i. 117.

MEAN, tenor; V. ii. 328.

MEASURE, a stately dance; V. ii. 187.

MERE, absolute; I. i. 149.

MESS, a set of four; "at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours"; IV. iii. 210.

METE AT, to measure with the eye in aiming, to aim at; IV. i. 138.

METHEGLIN, a drink made of honey and water fermented; V. ii. 233.

MINSTRELSY, the office of a minstrel; I. i. 177.

MISPRISON, misapprehension; IV. iii. 101.

MONARCHO, the name of a fantastic Italian resident in London; often alluded to by contemporary writers; IV. i. 103.

NATIVE, produced by nature; I. ii. 113.

NEW-FANGLED, delighting in novelty; I. i. 106.

NICE, coy; V. ii. 219.

NIT, applied to anything very small; IV. i. 150.

NOVI HOMINEM, etc. ("I know the man as well I do you"), a well-known sentence in the Latin phrase-books; V. i. 11.

NOVUM, a game at dice, "properly called *novum quinque*, from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five"; "abate throw at n."="except in a throw at novum, the whole world could not furnish five such"; V. ii. 546.

O'ERPARTED, overweighted in his part, or *rôle;* V. ii. 588.

OF, during; I. i. 43.

OPINION, self-conceit; V. i. 6.

O'S, the marks left by the smallpox; V. ii. 45.

PARCEL, company, party; V. ii. 160.

'PARITORS, apparitors, *i. e.* inferior officers of the bishop's court whose duty it was to serve citations; III. i. 198.

PARLE, parley; V. ii. 122.

PASSADO, thrust in fencing; I. ii. 189.

PASSION, grieve; I. i. 268.

PASSION'S, sorrow's; V. ii. 118.

PATCH, used with a quibble or "patch" in the sense of fool; IV. ii. 34.

PATHETICAL, seemingly used by Armado and Costard in the sense of "pleasing in a high degree," "touching"; I. ii. 103; IV. i. 154.

PEDANT, pedagogue; III. i. 189.

PENANCE, misused by Dull; I. ii. 136.

PENCILS, small brushes used by painters to lay on color; "ware pencils"="beware of pencils," *i. e.* "of drawing likenesses"; V. ii. 43.

PENTHOUSE-LIKE, hanging over like a penthouse, a porch with a sloping roof; III. i. 18.

PEREMPTORY, unawed, bold; IV. iii. 229.

PERJURE, perjurer; (perjurers were obliged to wear papers on their breasts describing their offense); IV. iii. 50.

PERTTAUNT-LIKE, *vide* Note.

PHANTASIME, a fantastic; IV. i. 103.

PIA MATER, the membrane which covers the brain, used for the brain itself; IV. ii. 73.

PICKED, over-refined; V. i. 15.

PIED, variegated; V. ii. 904.

PIN, the wooden pin that upheld the clout; IV. i. 142.

PITCHED A TOIL, set a net; IV. iii. 2.

PLACKETS, stomachers, or petti-

coats, or some portion of female attire; III. i. 196.

Please-man, pickthank; V. ii. 463.

Point, suggest; II. i. 245.

Point, used with a quibble on the French negative particle; II. i. 190.

Point-devise, over-exact, precise; V. i. 22.

Pole, the long quarter-staff, in the use of which the northerners were skilful; V. ii. 700.

Pomewater, a kind of apple; IV. ii. 4.

Present, document to be presented; IV. iii. 192.

Pricket, a buck of the second year; IV. ii. 14.

Print, "in p.," *i. e.* "accurately"; III. i. 183.

Priscian, "P. a little scratched," alluding to the common phrase *diminuas Prisciani caput,* applied to such as speak false Latin; V. i. 33.

Prisons up (Folios and Quartos "poisons up"), confines; "up" used as an intensive particle; IV. iii. 308.

Proceeded, used with a play upon "proceed" as an academical sense, *i. e.* "to take a degree"; I. i. 95.

Pruning, adorning; IV. iii. 186.

Push-pin, a child's game in which pins are pushed alternately; IV. iii. 172.

Qualm, probably used with a play upon "calm"; V. ii. 279.

Quillets, casuistries; IV. iii. 291.

Quote, regard; V. ii. 796.

Raught, reached; IV. ii. 43.

Reasons, arguments; V. i. 2.

Remember, "r. thy courtesy," a common phrase of the time, bidding a person who had courteously taken off his hat to put it on again; V. i. 109.

Repasture, repast, food; IV. i. 97.

Resolve, answer; II. i. 110.

Respects, considerations; V. ii. 792.

Rhetoric; II. i. 229.

Russet, homespun (commonly of russet color); V. ii. 413.

Saint Denis, the patron saint of France; V. ii. 87.

Salve, ointment; III. i. 76; used perhaps with a quibble on Latin *salve,* a word of greeting, and sometimes also a parting salutation; III. i. 88.

Satis quod sufficit, "enough's as good as a feast"; V. i. 1.

Saw, maxim; V. ii. 932.

Self-sovereignty, "not a sovereignty *over* but *in* themselves"; or perhaps one should read "that self-sovereignty," *i. e.* "that self-same s."; IV. i. 36.

Set, *i. e.* a set at tennis; "to bandy" (*cp.* "well-bandied both") = to send the ball to and fro; V. ii. 29.

Several (used quibblingly) = an enclosed field, the private property of an individual, as opposed to a common, which was used by the public generally; II. i. 223.

Shapeless, unshapely, ugly; V. ii. 303.

Shrewd, mischievous; V. ii. 12.

Shrows, shrews; V. ii. 46.

Significant, symbol (used by Armado); III. i. 137.

Simplicity, silliness; V. ii. 78.

Sit out, not to take part (an expression derived from the card-table); I. i. 110.

Skipping, frivolous, flighty; V. ii. 771.

Slop (the Quartos and Folios "shop," corrected by Theobald), usually used only in the plural = large loose trousers; IV. iii. 59.

Small, the small of the leg; V. ii. 646.

Sneaping, snipping; I. i. 100.

Snuff, used equivocally for (1) the wick of a candle, and (2) a huff expressed by a snuffing of the nose, resentment; "to take in snuff" = "to take offence"; V. ii. 22.

Solémnized; II. i. 42.

Sore, a deer of the fourth year; IV. ii. 60.

Sorel, a deer of the third year; IV. ii. 62.

Sorted, associated; I. i. 265.

Spleen, sudden impulse; fit of laughter; V. ii. 117.

Squier, square, foot-rule; "to know my lady's foot" = "to know her humors exactly"; V. ii. 474.

Stand, used technically for hunter's station; IV. i. 10.

Staple, thread, pile; V. i. 20.

State, attitude; IV. iii. 188.

States, estates; V. ii. 425.

Statute-caps, woollen caps, which by Act of Parliament in 1571 were worn by the citizens of London on Sundays and holidays; V. ii. 281.

Stoop, (?) crooked, or perhaps used as a substantive; IV. iii. 91.

Sue, used equivocally for (1) to prosecute, and (2) to beg, entreat; V. ii. 427.

Suggested, tempted; V. ii. 780.

Suggestions, temptations; I. i. 159.

Suitor, spelled "shooter" in the Folios and Quartos, for the sake of the quibble; IV. i. 112.

Swound (spelled "sound" in old eds.), swoon; V. ii. 392.

Taffeta, a rich, smooth stuff of silk (perhaps used for the ladies' masks); V. ii. 159.

Talent, used quibblingly with a play upon "talon"; IV. ii. 66.

Teen, grief; IV. iii. 167.

Tharborough = thirdborough constable; I. i. 185.

Thin-belly; "t. doublet," opposed to "great-bellied doublet," the lean belly being characteristic of a man in love; III. i. 20.

Thrasonical, boastful (derived from the character of Thraso in Terence's Eunuchus); V. i. 15.

Three-piled, superfine; V. ii. 407.

Tired, attired, clothed in trappings; IV. ii. 138.

To, compared to; II. i. 63.

Toy, trifle; IV. iii. 201.

Trencher-knight, serving-man; V. ii. 464.

Treys, threes (as in dice and card-playing); V. ii. 232.

Triumviry, triumvirate; IV. iii. 55.

Troyan, Trojan (used often as a term of contempt); V. ii. 640.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iii. 215.

Tyburn, the usual place of exe-

cution in London; "the shape of Love's Tyburn," alluding to the triangular form of the gallows; IV. iii. 56.

Unconfirmed, ignorant; IV. ii. 21.

Unhappy, roguish; V. ii. 12.

Unpeeled (the reading of Q. 1; the Folios "unpeopled"), stripped, desolate; II. i. 88.

Usurping, counterfeit, false; IV. iii. 262.

Vailing, letting fall; V. ii. 297.

Veal; used by way of punning as the pronunciation of "well" among Dutchmen (*i. e.* Germans); according to others the word alluded to is "Viel," in the phrase "zu viel" (too much), but this seems doubtful; the joke occurs elsewhere, with a play upon "well"; V. ii. 247.

Venue, a single hit; a fencing term; V. i. 66.

Via, an Italian adverb of encouragement; used here probably for *di via, i. e.* "say on," "speak out!"; V. i. 165.

Volable (Folios, Q. 1, *voluble*), nimble-witted; III. i. 71.

Ward, guard; III. i. 139.

Ware, beware of; V. ii. 43.

Wax, grow (with a quibble on "sealing-wax"), alluding to previous line; V. ii. 10.

Week; "he were but in by the week," a cant phrase, probably derived from the hiring of servants,=if I had him at my command; if he were deep in love; V. ii. 61.

Weigh, used equivocally for (1) to be equivalent to in weight, and (2) to care for; V. ii. 26, 27.

Well advised, sane, in right mind; V. ii. 434.

Whale's bone, (*i. e.* whalës bone), the tooth of the walrus; V. ii. 332.

Where, whereas; II. i. 103.

Whitely (Quartos and early Folios "whitly"), misspelling of "wightly," *i. e.* "wimble"; (Rosaline was a brunette, and the strange epithet "whitely" seems inappropriate); III. i. 208.

Wimpled, blindfolded; III. i. 191.

Wink, to shut the eyes; I. i. 43.

Wit-old, used with a quibble on "wittol" (=a cuckold); V. i. 70.

Woodcocks, fools; the woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and hence became the emblem of stupidity; IV. iii. 84.

Woolward, with the wool next to the skin; V. ii. 717.

Wort, a sweet unfermented beer; V. ii. 233.

Wreathed, folded; IV. iii. 138.

Ycliped, yclept (introduced for a play upon "clipt"); V. ii. 602.

Years, "in years"="into wrinkles"; V. ii. 465.

Zany, buffoon; V. ii. 463.

Zenelophon (so the Folios or Quartos; the name in the old ballad is "Penelophon," which is the form substituted here in many editions); IV. i. 68.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What are the leading elements of the play?
2. What does the close of the play suggest that Shakespeare had in mind?
3. What made the whim of the leading characters perfectly natural for the time in which the play is cast?
4. In what main element do the higher characters of this play differ from the Poet's other representations?
5. To what order of foreign performances and literature does this play bear certain resemblances?
6. What characters in the play bear the stamp of life-likeness pre-eminently?
7. Of what conditions of society does the play appear to be in great measure a caricature?
8. What is the chief merit of the play as a whole; as a work of art?
9. What especially distinguishes the character of Biron?
10. Comment on the peculiarities of style in this play.
11. Cite instances of the use of varied meters and the dramatic effect of their use.
12. What serious deductions may be made from the theme?
13. In what way is Biron, in the determining of his character and expression, coincident with the resolution of the essential and serious element of the theme?
14. In what other ways and through what other characters and passages are the serious truths of the theme noticeably carried?

ACT I

15. What is the covenant made by the three nobles and the king in the first scene?

16. What is the substance of Biron's remonstrance against the terms of the vow imposed upon them?

17. What proclamation is issued in accordance with the covenant?

18. What is the first punishment to go into effect following the covenant?

19. Who is Armado? How does he express himself?

20. What characterizes Armado's page?

21. Whom does Armado choose for a sweetheart?

22. Describe the impression of the entire act. What characterizes its expression throughout?

ACT II

23. What happens to embarrass the King with regard to his new oath?

24. How does he settle the difficulty?

25. What is the errand of the Princess of France?

26. How do the members of the Princess's train describe the three Lords Attendant of the King?

27. What characterizes the dialogue of Rosaline and Biron?

28. What results for the King and his three gentlemen follow their call of state upon the Princess?

29. How does Boyet explain the situation as he has viewed it?

30. In what spirit do the ladies receive Boyet's enlightenment in this matter?

ACT III

31. Why is Costard released by Armado?

32. What is meant by "a French brawl," spoken of by Moth?

33. What sort of character is Costard?

34. What does Biron get Costard to do for him?

35. What does Biron mean by his references to "colors like a tumbler's hoop,"—and to woman's being like a "German clock"?

36. What is the trend of Biron's final reflections on the matter of his having fallen in love with Rosaline?

ACT IV

37. What does Costard do with the commission entrusted to him?

38. What letter is brought to the ladies? What is its nature and style? Who wrote it? How do the ladies receive it?

39. How does Costard describe Armado?

40. Describe Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel. What especial dramatic purpose does Dull serve in his scene with them?

41. Who brings these two characters a letter in scene ii? What are their comments upon the style of it?

42. How do the three gentlemen and the King betray themselves to each other? Describe the scene.

43. What is next done with the letter taken to Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel? Whose confusion and confession does it cause?

44. What do the lovers resolve to do?

ACT V

45. How does Holofernes describe Don Armado?

46. What is the character of the passages between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel?—and between them and Armado and Moth?

47. How do Costard and Moth comment on their betters' discourse? What relation has their comment to the purpose of the theme?

48. What is Armado's errand to the schoolmaster and the curate?

49. How do the lovers begin their active courtship of the ladies?

50. In what guise do they visit them? How do the ladies receive them, and with what result?

51. What thread of the action does Boyet sustain?

52. Explain the reference to "statute-caps," in line 281, scene ii.

53. What is the final move of the King and the Lords towards gaining the favor of the Princess and her ladies?

54. Describe the interlude of the playlet.

55. How does the Princess comment on Armado?

56. What interrupts the amusement?

57. What finally happens when the lovers address themselves directly to the ladies' favor?

58. What are the penances imposed by the ladies upon their lovers, severally?

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

Two Quarto editions of *The Merchant of Venice* were printed in the year 1600, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) *The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts,* 1600. This Quarto had been registered on July 22, 1598, with the *proviso* "that yt bee not printed by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord chamberlen." This edition is generally described as "the first Quarto." (ii.) *The most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jew towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon.* 1600. This, the second Quarto, had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on October 28 of the same year "under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of master Robertes." It seems therefore likely that "I. R." are the initials of the printer of the first Quarto, though the same type was not used for the two editions, which were evidently printed from different transcripts of

the author's manuscript. Quarto 1 gives on the whole a more accurate text; in a few instances it is inferior to Quarto 2.

The second Quarto was carelessly reprinted in 1637, the only addition being a list of "The Actors' Names"; in one instance it improved on the previous editions ("in measure reine thy joy," III, ii, 112, instead of "rain"). A fourth Quarto, probably the third with a new title-page, appeared in 1652. Prof. Hales has suggested that the publication of this Quarto was connected with the proposed re-admission of the Jews into England, which was bitterly resented by a large portion of the nation; "the re-exhibition of Shylock in 1652 could scarcely have tended to soften this general disposition."

The text of the first Folio edition (1623) represents that of the second Quarto with a few variations, the most interesting being the change of "the Scottish lord" into "the other lord," evidently in deference to the reigning king.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a "low comedy" version, *The Jew of Venice*, by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, supplanted Shakespeare's play, and held the stage from the date of its appearance in 1701; Macklin's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Drury Lane in 1741 dealt a death-blow to Lansdowne's monstrosity, and restored again to the stage

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK

In the Funeral Elegy of the famous actor, Richard Burbadge, "who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March 1618," there is a valuable reference to Burbadge's impersonation of Shylock:—

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;

What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

(For the interpretation of the character by Macklin, Kean, Irving, and Booth, *cp.* Furness' *Variorum Edition*, pp. 371–385.)[1]

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The Merchant of Venice is mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; in the same year Roberts entered it on the books of the Stationers' Company. This is the earliest positive allusion to the play. In Henslowe's Diary under the date August 25, 1594, mention is made of "*The Venesyon Comodey*" (*i.e.* "*The Venetian Comedy*") as a new play; one cannot, however, with any certainty identify Henslowe's comedy with *The Merchant of Venice*, though it seems likely that we have here a reference to a rough draft of the play as we know it,—a partial revision of some older play used by Shakespeare, hastily re-written to satisfy popular feeling against Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician, who was executed on June 7, 1594, on the charge of being bribed by the King of Spain to poison the Queen (*cp. The Original of Shylock*, by S. L. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1880; the article on *Lopez* in the *Dictionary of National Biography; the Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez, The Historical Review*, July, 1894). It is a significant fact that Lopez's chief rival was the pretender Don Antonio.[2] A noteworthy imitation

[1] The most valuable of all the editions of the play (published by Lippencott, 1892), edited by Horace Howard Furness.

[2] Lopez was for a time attached to the household of Lord Leicester. James Burbadge, the father of Richard Burbadge, one of "the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players" must have had many opportunities of seeing Lopez, when the doctor was attending the Earl at Kenilworth. It has been suggested that the traditional red beard of Shylock was actually derived from Burbadge's personal knowledge of Lopez. But it is now generally accepted on ample evidence that there were many Jews scattered throughout England in the Elizabethan period, though their formal re-admission was brought about by Cromwell.

of the moonlight scene between Lorenzo and Jessica occurs in the play *Wily Beguiled*, probably written in 1596–7; similarly in a Latin play, *Machiavellus*, acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, at Christmas, 1597, (preserved in the Bodleian Library), there is the incident of a Jew whetting his knife, which may well have been taken from Shakespeare.

Finally, Shakespeare's debt to Silvayn's *Orator* has an important bearing on the date of the play; the English translation appeared in 1596; it is just possible, but unlikely, that Shakespeare had read the work in the original French. The play may perhaps safely be dated "about 1596"; the evidence will allow of nothing more definite.

THE SOURCES

In 1579 Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a writer of plays, published his *School of Abuse*, containing a pleasant invective against "Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth: setting up the flag of defiance to their mischievous exercise, etc., etc."; the book is a vigorous attack on the acted drama; yet he confesses that some of their plays are without rebuke; "which are easily remembered as quickly reckoned"; he proceeds to enumerate four plays; one of these *The Jew*, shown at the Bull, seems to have been the groundwork of Shakespeare's play, "representing," as Gosson tells us, "the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers." It is clear from these words that the blending of the bond story and the three caskets was already an accomplished fact in English dramatic literature as early as 1579. There is probably a reference to this old play in a letter of Spenser to Gabriel Harvey of the same year, 1579, in which he signs himself "He that is fast bound unto thee in more obligations than any merchant of Italy to any Jew there"; and again perhaps the Jew Gerontus in *The Three Ladies of London* (printed in 1584), who tries to recover a loan of "three thousand ducats for three

month" from an Italian merchant Mercatore may have been derived from the same source. "Gernutus" was possibly the name of Shylock's prototype; he is the hero of an old ballad dealing with the bond story. Its omission of all reference to Portia, makes it probable that this ballad preceded Shakespeare's play, though the extant text belongs to the end of the sixteenth or to the beginning of the seventeenth century.[1]

There are many analogues in European and Oriental literature to the two stories which constitute the main plot of *The Merchant of Venice.* As far as the pound of flesh and the lady-judge is concerned, the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino is alone of direct importance as an ultimate source of the play (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakspere's Library,* Part I, Vol. i). There can be no doubt that Shakespeare was indebted to this novel.

The Gesta Romanorum—Richard Robinson's English version entitled, *Records of Ancyent Historyes* (1577)—contains the nearest approximation to the story of the three caskets as treated in this play.[2]

Shylock's argument in the trial scene (Act IV, i, 89–102) bears a striking resemblance to "Declamation 95" in Silvayn's *Orator* (referred to above) "of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian."

The elopement of Jessica has been traced by Dunlop to the *Fourteenth Tale of Massucio di Salerno,* who, enamored of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, carries her off much in the same way as in the play. It is not improb-

[1] "*A new song, shewing the cruelty of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed.* To the Tune of Black and Yellow" (*cp.* Percy's Reliques, etc.; the text will be found in most editions of the play). This ballad must be distinguished from Jordan's ballad of 1664 (*cp.* Furness' Variorum ed., p. 461), in which the author took strange liberties with Shakespeare's story.

[2] The various analogues of both stories are given in Furness' edition, pp. 287–331.

able that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief at the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and ducats, may have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama.

Finally, account must be taken of the influence exercised on Shakespeare by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta;* the number of parallel passages in the two plays evidences this sufficiently; there is also similarity in the situation between father and daughter ("Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss"); Barabas and his slave should be compared with Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; Marlowe's "counter-argument ad Christianos," as Ward puts it, anticipates Shakespeare's; yet withal "Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward the Second does to Richard the Second. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners by the Royal Command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet" (Charles Lamb).

DURATION OF ACTION

Various attempts have been made to calculate the action of the play; we know that the whole is supposed to last three months, but ten weeks have already expired in Act III, i; three months have passed between Bassanio's departure from Venice and his choice of the caskets; his stay at Belmont before the opening of Act III, ii, cannot have been long; Portia bids him "pause a day or two. . . . I would detain you here some month or two." So many events have, however, happened during the first

two acts that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed, and the three months are compressed into seven or eight days. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespere's plays*) computes the time thus, though one cannot follow him in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont last as long as three months:—

Day 1. Act I. Interval—say a week.
Day 2. Act II, i–vii. Interval one day.
Day 3. Act II, viii–ix. Interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.
Day 4. Act III, i. Interval—rather more than a fortnight.
Day 5. Act III, ii–iv.
Day 6. Act III, v—Act IV.
Days 7 and 8. Act V.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In 1598, under date of July 22, the following entry was made in the Stationers' Register by James Roberts: "A book of *The Merchant of Venice*, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice. Provided that it be not printed by the said James Roberts, or any other whatsoever, without licence first had from the right honorable the Lord Chamberlain." It was also included in the list given the same year by Francis Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*. These are the earliest certain notices of the play that have come down to us; though there is some ground for thinking that it was on the stage four years earlier. In Henslow's *Diary*, under date August 25, 1594, occurs an item relating to the performance of a play called *The Venetian Comedy*, which Malone conjectured might be the same as *The Merchant of Venice*. In 1594 the company to which Shakespeare belonged was playing at the theater in Newington Butts; and, so far as can now be learned, Henslow's company was playing there at the same time: which lends some support to Malone's conjecture.

Touching the entry in the Stationers' books, it should be noted that the purpose of the proviso was, to prevent the printing of the play, till the company's permission were given through their patron. *The book of the Merchant of Venice* was again entered in the same Register, by Thomas Heyes, October 28, 1600, the Lord Chamberlain's license having probably been obtained by that time. The same year two editions were put forth, in quarto pamphlets, one of which had thirty-eight leaves, and a title-page reading as follows: "The most excellent History of the

Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three chests. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London: Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Green Dragon. 1600." The other quarto was "printed by J. Roberts;"—the same J. R., most likely, who printed the edition for Heyes. But though both were by the same printer, and issued the same year, they were entirely distinct impressions. Of course Roberts was both printer and publisher; Heyes only the latter. Of these two editions it seems questionable which is to be preferred: both appear to have been equally authorized, and were probably from different manuscripts; at all events, neither was printed from the other. There was no other issue of the play, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it stands the ninth in the list of Comedies. The repetition of various misprints shows the folio to have been printed from the edition of Heyes.—Two other contemporary notices of the play are found in the account of expenses for the year 1605, as kept by the Master of the Revels, and preserved at the Audit Office: "By his Majesty's Players. On Shrove-Sunday a play of the Merchant of Venice." And "on Shrove-Tuesday a play called the Merchant of Venice again, commanded by the King's Majesty." Which argues that the play gave good satisfaction at court. "Shaxberd" is set down as "the poet which made the play;" the name having been written by the same hand, no doubt, which gave us a like specimen of orthography in the case of Measure for Measure.

The Merchant of Venice, then, was certainly written before the Author's thirty-fifth year, perhaps before his thirty-first. If it were clear that the notice in Henslow's *Diary* referred to this play, that of course would settle the question in favor of the earlier date. But the best that can be said on that side is, that no other play has come

down to us which answers so well to the title there given;—a thing of little weight, considering how many dramas of that period are known to have been lost. And the play exhibits throughout such variety and maturity of power, as make strongly for the later date: the style is every where so equal and sustained; every thing is so perfectly in its place and fitted to its place; the word and the character are at all times so exactly suited to each other, and both to the paramount laws of dramatic proportion; and the work is so free from any jarring, or falling-out, or flying-off from the due course and order of art, as almost to compel the belief that the whole was written in the same stage of intellectual growth and furnishing. And the play evinces in a remarkable degree the easy, unlaboring freedom of conscious mastery; the persons being so entirely under his control and subdued to his hand, that he seems to let them talk and act just as they have a mind to.

Perhaps there is no one of his plays in which the Poet has drawn more largely from preceding writers: novelty of plot or story there is almost none; his mind being apparently so drawn off in creative exercise as to generate an utter carelessness of what is usually termed invention. If any one infer from this that the play is lacking in originality, we can only advise him to think again, and not to speak until he thinks differently. Some of the materials here used were so much the common stock of European literature before his time, and had been run into so many variations, that it is not easy to say what sources he was most indebted to for them. The incidents of the bond and the caskets are found separately in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a very ancient and curious collection of tales. To set this matter clear, it must be noted that there were two collections bearing this title, the one in Latin, the other in English; and that the incidents in question occur in both, though with considerable variations. Of the Latin *Gesta* no printed copy of so early a date as the Poet's time has been discovered; but Mr. Tyrwhitt gives some extracts from a manuscript in the British Museum, which he thinks

may have been the remote originals of the play. The immediate originals were probably in the English *Gesta.* Of the story containing the choice of caskets a version was put forth by Robert Robinson as early as 1577, and has been lately reprinted in the *Shakespeare Library.* The Poet is clearly traced in this quarter, as will appear from the following abstract of so much as relates to the matter in hand, and especially from the inscriptions, which we give just as they stand in the old copy.

A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselme, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Ampluy. On her way to the prince's country the young lady was shipwrecked, none of the crew but herself escaping. In this condition an earl, named Parris, found her as he was walking by the sea-shore, and took her under his protection, and, having heard her story, made it known to the emperor. To ascertain whether she were worthy of his son, he set before her three vessels; the first of gold, filled with dead men's bones, and bearing the inscription,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that he deserveth;" the second of silver, filled with earth, and inscribed,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth;" the third of lead, full of precious stones, and having the motto,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to him." He then told her to choose one of the vessels, and that if she made the choice of that wherein was profit to herself and others, she should have his son; if not, she would lose him. After praying to God for assistance, she made choice of the leaden casket. He then told her she had chosen wisely, and immediately gave order for the marriage.

There is also a choice of caskets in Boccaccio's *Decameron,* though not much like that in the play; nor does any one pretend that Shakespeare made any use of it.

In the story of the bond as told in the *Gesta,* the parties are simply a knight and a merchant, and therefore act from no such prejudices as move Antonio and Shylock. The knight undertakes a love suit to the daughter of

Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome, and certain strange terms are agreed upon between them as the condition of her favor. As fast as he fulfills these terms, he is yet more strangely thwarted of his purpose, until, being thereby at length reduced to poverty, he applies to the merchant for a loan of money, to carry him through one more trial. The merchant agrees to furnish him "on condition that if thou keep not thy day of payment, it shall be lawful to me for to draw away all the flesh of thy body from the bone with a sharp sword." Accepting these terms, and binding himself accordingly, the knight, thus furnished, wins the lady, and, in the sweetness of wedlock, forgets the bond till the day of payment is past. When his wife learns how the case stands, she directs him to pay the merchant whatever sum he may ask. Upon this business he departs; but the merchant, refusing the money, insists upon the covenant, and judgment is rendered in his favor. The rest of the story must be given in good old English, as printed by Mr. Douce from a manuscript written in the time of Henry VI.

"Now, in all this time, the damsel his love had sent knights for to espy and enquire how the law was pursued against him. And, when she heard tell that the law passed against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, and clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went to the palace where her leman was to be judged, and saluted the justice, and all they trowed that she had been a knight. And the judge enquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country, and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is a law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he shall be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to thee that this knight, that standeth here ready to the doom,

be slain? it were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for without doubt I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desired him not thereto against his will. Then said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and thou shalt trow me afore you, sir judge, and afore you all, with a right wisdom of that that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all, and asketh the law, and that liketh me much; and therefore, lordings that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight bound him never by letter but that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood; thereof was nothing spoke; and therefore let him set hand on him anon; and, if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny; for afore all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst with a loud voice, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him; but look that thou shed no blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant, seeing this, went away confounded. And so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

As this work is not known to have been in print till put forth by Mr. Douce, it appears not but that the Poet may have read it in manuscript. This, to be sure, is no proof that he did so, for many things in print then have been lost altogether: but perhaps it should make men cautious how

they limit his reading to such printed books of that time as have come down to us.

The same incident is again met with in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which was written as early as 1378, but not printed till 1550. The earliest known translation of this tale was made in 1755, which, together with the original, has been republished by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare Library*. No version of so early a date as the play having been heard of, we have no means of knowing whether the Poet read it in Italian or in English. In the novel the residence of the lady, who answers to Portia, is placed at Belmonte, an Italian seaport. Being mistress of the port and the country round, she offers herself and all that belongs to her in marriage upon certain conditions, which we cannot stay to repeat, and would not if we could. In the pursuit of this prize many gentlemen have been ruined, as all the wealth they brought with them was to be forfeited unless they fulfilled the conditions; which her wise ladyship still disabled them from doing by giving them sleeping potions. Her last suitor is a young Florentine named Giannetto, who, first for his father's sake, then for his own, is greatly beloved by Ansaldo, the richest merchant in Venice. Three times Ansaldo fits him out with fine ships and rich cargoes to trade in company with several friends at Alexandria, and as often the young gentleman, though a miracle of virtue and talents, contrives to steal away from his companions into the port of Belmonte. Twice he falls a victim to the lady's potions, and returns poor and ashamed to Venice, but keeps up his credit by inventing such causes of miscarriage as leave him unblamed. To complete his third outfit, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, and gave a bond that if payment were not made by a certain day, the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. This time, upon his arrival at Belmonte, one of the lady's maids whispers in his ear how to succeed. The intoxication of his new state drowns the memory of his benefactor till the very day of payment comes. Being

then by an accident reminded of it, and greatly troubled thereat, he makes known the cause of his distress, and forthwith sets out for Venice, with ten times the sum due. No sooner is he gone than his wife follows him in the disguise of a lawyer, and, arriving in Venice, gives herself out as a graduate of the law-school at Bologna. Lawyers being then rather scarce, she is called in to the trial, which under her conduct turns out much the same as in the play. In his fullness of gratitude Giannetto offers her the ten thousand ducats, and she refuses them, declaring she will accept nothing but his marriage ring, which he at last gives her. Afterwards she banters him upon the loss of it, and then discloses what she has done; and finally Giannetto rewards his benefactor with the hand of the servant-maid who whispered in his ear the way of success.

This outline is enough to certify the reader that Shakespeare had access to the novel in some form or other; though no one can well conceive the wealth of his adding without reading the original story. It should be remarked withal, that evident as are the Poet's obligations in this quarter, he varies from it in such a way as to show an acquaintance with the similar tale in the *Gesta Romanorum;* while his substituting the caskets for the unhandsome conditions, imposed by the heroine of the novel, illustrates how well he understood the moral laws of his art; that whatsoever offends against virtue and honor is so far forth offensive to nature and good taste.

The matter of the bond and its forfeiture is again found in *The Orator,* a book containing "a hundred several Discourses," translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn by Anthony Munday, and published in 1598. A Christian merchant owed a Jew nine hundred crowns, which he bound himself to pay within three months, or to give him a pound of his flesh. The time being passed, the Jew refused the money, and stood upon the bond. The ordinary judge of the place appointed him to cut a pound of the merchant's flesh, and, if he cut either more or less, then his own head should be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sen-

tence to the chief judge; and the Discourse in question is made up of the Jew's argument and the Christian's answer. Shakespeare has no signs of obligation in that quarter; so that the matter as there handled is of no consequence in this connection, save as showing the commonness of the incident. Mr. Douce indeed says, "Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed" from *The Orator;* which breeds some doubt whether he had ever read the latter.

In Percy's *Reliques,* among the "ballads that illustrate Shakespeare," we have "A new Song, showing the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." Some question has been made whether the ballad or the play were written first; but we are satisfied, for reasons which need not be stated here, that the ballad was before the play; and the first stanza suggests the novel, of which we have given an outline, as the probable foundation of it:

> "In Venice towne not long agoe a cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie, as Italian writers tell."

Here again the Poet is clearly traced by certain resemblances of expression: in the play we have,—"Go with me to a notary, seal me there your single bond; and in a merry sport," etc.; and again,—"Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?" and in the ballad,—"But we will have a merry jest for to be talked long;" and again,—"The bloudie Jew now ready is with whetted blade in hand."—Some lines of the same story are traceable in various other quarters: in fact, it has been seen in so many places, that nobody can tell whence it came or whence it was seen first. Probably it was of eastern origin; one of the many things which, originally set on foot by Arabian fiction or some neighboring authority, have been happening from time to time ever since.

Thus far we have not seen the two incidents of the bond and the caskets united; yet it is by no means certain that

Shakespeare was the first to unite them. In 1579, one Stephen Gosson, having, as would seem, been certified of his own election in such sort and manner as left him full leisure to hunt up and whip the faults of others, put forth a tract entitled "*The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillers of the commonwealth.*" He was pleased, however, to except from the general censure "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers." No performance answering to this description has in modern times been discovered; but the expressions, "worldly choosers" and "bloody minds of usurers," look as if the two incidents in question had been combined before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. The praise which has been, perhaps justly, bestowed upon this feature of the play, naturally makes us curious to know how far it was original with Shakespeare; but there is little prospect that such curiosity will ever be gratified. Most likely, however, the knowledge of the whole truth would cause no great abatement in the Poet's fame.

Mr. Verplanck has raised an interesting inquiry as to what may have put Shakespeare upon such a choice of subject. The old form of a bond for the payment of money was an obligation to pay a larger sum, generally double, unless payment were made at the stipulated time. The common law held that on the forfeiture of the bond the whole penalty was recoverable; but here the courts of equity stepped in, and would not permit the lender to take more than "in conscience he ought;" that is, the sum lent, with interest and costs, and the damages, if any there were, caused by non-performance of some other contract. Hence a struggle between what were called the old-school and new-school lawyers, which began in the time of Henry VIII, and continued till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was settled by statute in favor of the equitable doctrine. This legal controversy was at its height in Shakespeare's time; and as it entered largely into the concerns of busi-

ness, it became a matter of general popular interest. That there were many cases of hardship, in enforcing penalties, well known to the people of London, is quite probable; and something of the kind seems referred to in the ballad of Gernutus the Jew:

"Good people, that do hear this song, for truth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he doth live now at this day."

Mr. Verplanck thinks, and with great apparent reason, that this controversy may have suggested the subject of the play; not indeed that the Poet had any thought of writing a law-lecture or an argument on the point, but that he saw the advantage of using a traditionary plot involving a principle familiar to the minds of his audience, and pregnant with allusions of immediate interest.

The praise of *The Merchant of Venice* is in the mouth of nearly all the critics. That this praise is well deserved, appears in that, from the reopening of the theaters at the Restoration till the present day, the play has kept possession of the stage, while at the same time it is among the first of the Poet's works to be read, and the last to be forgotten, its interest being as inexhaustible in the closet as upon the stage. Well do we remember it as the very beginning of our acquaintance with Shakespeare; one of the dearest acquaintances that we have ever made, and which has been to us a source of more pleasure and profit than we should dare undertake to tell. Whatsoever local or temporary question may have suggested the theme, the work strikes at once upon cords of universal and perpetual interest: if it fell in with any prejudices or purposes of the time, this was to draw men's thoughts the more surely, because secretly, into the course and service of truth; to open and hold their minds, without letting them know it, to grave, solemn lessons of wisdom and humanity; thus, like a wise master-builder, using the transient and popular for the building up of the permanent and beautiful. It is this power of causing that men be really elevated while thinking they are but pleased; of raising us above our

self-ends by seemingly ministering to them; that often renders poetry so much more effectual for moral instruction than lectures and sermons: these, by telling men they ought to be better, are apt to foster in them the conceit that they are so; whereas the other, even because it does not tell them this, is more apt to make them so: in a word, it instructs them all the better forasmuch as it does not stir up in them any notion or fancy that they have been instructed.

Critics, no doubt, have too often entertained themselves and others with speculations as to the Poet's specific moral purpose in this play or that. Wherein their great mistake is the not duly bearing in mind, that the special proposing of this or that moral lesson is quite from or beside the purpose of art. As already hinted, a work of art, to be really deserving the name, must needs be moral, because it must be proportionable and true to nature, thus falling in with the preëstablished harmonies between our inward being and the measures of external order and law: otherwise it is at strife with the compact of things; a piece of dissonance; a part all out of concert and tune with itself; a jarring, unbalanced, crazy thing, that will die with the screechings and gratings of its own noise. If, therefore, a work be morally bad, this proves the author more a bungler than any thing else; and if any one admire it or take pleasure in it, he does so, not from reason, but from passion, or from something within him which his reason, in so far as he hath any, necessarily disapproves: so that he is rather to be laughed at as a dunce, than preached to as a sinner.

Touching the moral design of *The Merchant of Venice*, critics have differed greatly, some regarding it as teaching the most large and liberal toleration, others as caressing the narrowest and bitterest prejudices of the age. This difference among the critics is a strong argument of the Poet's impartiality; for where no one view is specially prominent, there is the more room for men to attribute such as they may severally prefer, and for each to show

his own mind in the work of interpretation. For our own part, we are satisfied that in this case, as in others, the choice and treatment of the subject were mainly for poetic and dramatic effect; but for such effect in the largest and noblest sense,—the sense intended by Ben Jonson in that great and most apt expression.—"He was not of an age, but for all time." And the highest praise that the nature of the work might allow is justly his, in that he did not let the prejudices of his age sway him either way from the just measures and proportions of art. On this point, therefore, we do greatly approve the remarks of Mr. Verplanck: "When the subject expanded itself in his mind, he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had seen them;—the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming hardened to inflicting insolence and injury;—the injured, the insulted, the trampled upon, goaded by continual wrongs into savage malignity. Had the Poet invested the despised and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of our nature, and enlisted our sympathies wholly on his side, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality."

In point of characterization *The Merchant of Venice* is exceedingly rich, whether we consider the quantity or the quality; and the more we think and study the work, the more we cannot but wonder that so much of human nature in so great a variety of development should be crowded into so small a space. The persons naturally fall into three several groups, with each its several plot and action; yet the three are most skillfully complotted, each standing out clear and distinct in its place, yet concurring with the others in dramatic unity, so that every thing helps on every other thing, without either the slightest confusion or the slightest appearance of care to avoid it. Of these three groups it is hardly needful to add that Antonio, Shylock, and Portia are respectively the centers; while the part of

Lorenzo and Jessica, though strictly an episode, seems, nevertheless, to grow forth as an element of the original germ, a sort of inherent superfluity, and as such essential, not indeed to the being, but to the well-being of the work: in short, a fine romantic undertone accompaniment to the other parts, yet contemplated and provided for in the whole plan and structure of the piece; itself in harmony with all the rest, and therefore perfecting their harmony with one another.

It is observable that the first entry in the Stationers' Register speaks of the play as "a book of the Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice;" as if it were then in question whether to name the piece from Antonio or Shylock. Individually considered, Shylock is altogether the character of the play, and exhibits perhaps more strength and skill of workmanship than all the others. So that, viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called *The Jew of Venice*. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the preëminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the center and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity; yet this strange, un-

wonted gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness and good-nature, has the effect of showing how dearly he is held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly purchase of virtue. This boding, presentimental state of mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting us something as an instance of second-sight, and coalescing with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

> "powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick—in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as he even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely saddening effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of them they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and the sense of so vast a discrepancy between their havings and deservings is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppressive dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies shall be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses such warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And such is Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a large and liberal spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in his dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly, free where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperity modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the uses of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship, so that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy,—his character is one which we never weary of contemplating. The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment of Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is much more the fault of the times than of the man, we are forced to side against him; than which it were not easy to allege a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we blame rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and think the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstanding he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his hate

mainly on those very things which make the strongest title to a good man's love.

The friendship between Antonio and his companions is such a picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw. And so noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit ignoble breasts. Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each admirable in their way, and give a charming variety to the scenes where they move. Bassanio, though something too lavish of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose character and behavior all is order and propriety; with whom good manners are the proper outside and visibility of a fair mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward refinement, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has that in him which, even had his breeding been ill, would have raised him above it, and made him a gentleman. Gratiano and Salarino are two as clever, sprightly, and voluble persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief difference between them being, that the former lets his tongue run on from good impulse, the other makes it do so for good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are more witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they fall short in beauty, of character. It is observable that of the two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in thought and speech, with less subjection of the individual to the well-ordered forms of social decorum: so that, if he behave not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof that what good behavior he has is his own; a growth from within, not an impression from without. It is rather remarkable that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should therewithal carry so much weight of meaning; and he often seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting volubility. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for saying nothing;" and he often makes a merit of talking nonsense when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort of sense; being willing to incur the charge of folly, provided he can thereby add to the health and entertainment of his friends.

Lorenzo and Jessica are in such a lyrical state of mind as naturally keeps their characters in the background. Both are indeed overflowing with beauty and sweetness of mind, but more as the result of nuptial inspiration than of inherent qualities; though the instrument had need be pretty well tuned and delicately strung, to give forth such tones, be it breathed upon never so finely. Jessica has been well described as a "child of nature, hurried along by the deep enthusiasm of Eastern love and passion." Her elopement in itself and its circumstances forces us to the alternative, that either she is a very bad child, or Shylock a very bad father; and there are enough other things to persuade us of the latter, though not in such sort but that some share of the reproach falls upon her. For if a woman have so bad a home as to justify her in thus deserting and robbing it, it can scarce be but that the qualities of its atmosphere will have wrought themselves somewhat into her temper and character; so that she will seem without spot or blemish only while in a condition to move our pity. Jessica's lover stands fair in our sight, negatively, because he does nothing unhandsome, positively, because he has such good men for his friends. It is a curious instance of the Poet's subtlety, that what they thus do for him should be in some measure done for her by such a person as Launcelot Gobbo. The better parts of Jessica and the Clown are reflected from each other: we think the better of her that she has kindled something of poetry in such a clod, and of him, that he is raised above himself by the presence of such an object. And her conduct is further justified to our feelings by the odd testimony he furnishes to her father's badness;—a testimony which, though of no great weight in itself, goes far to confirm all that is testified against him by others. We see that the Jew is much the same at home as in the Rialto; that let him be where he will, it is his nature to snarl and bite. Such, in one view of the matter, is the dramatic propriety of this queer being; his part, though often scouted as a hindrance by such critics as can see but one thing at a time, is neces-

sary to the completeness of the work; since without him we could not so well have sufficient knowledge either of Jessica or of her father. But though his main title to the place he fills be on account of others, still he has a value in himself, quite independently of such reference; his own personal rights enter into the purpose of his introduction, and he carries in himself a part of the reason why he is so and not otherwise: for Shakespeare seldom if ever brings in a person merely for the sake of others. A mixture, indeed, of conceit and drollery, and hugely wrapped up in self, yet he is by no means a commonplace buffoon, but stands firm and secure in the sufficiency of his original stock. His elaborate nonsense, his grasping at a pun without catching it, yet feeling just as grand as if he did, is both ludicrous and natural: his jokes, to be sure, are mostly failures; nevertheless they are laughable, because he dreams not but that they succeed. Thus, as hath been well said, "he proves that the poverty of a jest may be enriched in a fool's mouth, owing to the complacency with which he deals it out; and because there are few things that provoke laughter more than feebleness in a great attempt at a small matter." In Launcelot, moreover, the principle and mother element of the whole piece runs out in broad humor and travestie; he exhibits under an intensely comic form the general aspect of surrounding humanity; his character being at the same time an integral part in that varied structure of human life, which it is the genius and office of the Romantic Drama to represent. On many accounts, indeed, he might not be spared.

In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could do in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently practical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native, homebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something of the ripeness and dignity of a sage, a rich, mellow eloquence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being tempered with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood.

As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at the same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex: she talks like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talks for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be more fitting and well-placed than her demeanor, now bracing her speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom, now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or innocent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly from culture, she has grown to live more in the understanding than in the affections; for which cause she is a little more self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character is scarce the less lovely on that account: she talks considerably indeed of herself, yet always so becomingly that we hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for we are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware of her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs. Jameson, with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that she considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature, who could make women wise without turning them into men. And it may be worth remarking, that honorable as the issue of her course at the trial would be to a man, she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of her triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings and duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's honor and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these causes no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for once the part of a man, it would seem as though she could scarce go through the undertaking without more of self-confidence than were becoming in a woman; and the student may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill wherewith the Poet has managed to prevent such an impression. It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and substantial dignity of character, that her nature is all overflowing with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her and breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious seeing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the "rich-souled" creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her to be.

Shylock is a standing marvel of power and scope in the dramatic art; at the same time appearing so much a man of nature's making, that we scarce know how to look upon him as the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shakespeare had no less a task than to inform with individual life and peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national character in its most fallen and revolting state. Accordingly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; wherein we have a pride which for ages never ceased to provoke hostility, but which no hostility could ever subdue; a thrift which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity could ever exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed the subjects to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it left them without the means or the hope of redress. Thus Shylock is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and antipathies. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn to those about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is at once too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose; he can have no life among them but money; no hold on them but interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indemnity out of them but revenge. Such being the case, what wonder that the elements of national greatness became congealed or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the passion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian virtues that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that could be done him.

With these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely Jewish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his hard, icy intellectuality, and his "dry, mummy-like tenacity" of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting sarcastic humor, we see the remains of a great and noble nature, out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much elasticity of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes but the last is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstrance cannot move, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate

him: when he has not provoked them, he has been forced to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he is proof against them. In a word, he may be broken; he cannot be bent.

These several elements of character are so complicated in Shylock, that we cannot distinguish their respective influence. Even his avarice has a smack of patriotism. Money is the only defense of his brethren as well as himself, and he craves it for their sake as much as his own; feels indeed that wrongs are offered to them in him, and to him in them. Antonio has scorned his religion, thwarted him of usurious gains, insulted his person: therefore he hates him as a Christian, himself a Jew; as a lender of money gratis, himself a griping usurer; as Antonio, himself Shylock. Moreover, who but a Christian, one of Antonio's faith and fellowship, has stolen away his daughter's heart, and drawn her into revolt, loaded with his ducats, and his precious, precious jewels? Thus his religion, his patriotism, his avarice, his affection, all concur to stimulate his enmity; and his personal hate, thus reënforced, for once overcomes his avarice, and he grows generous in the prosecution of his design. The only reason he will vouchsafe for taking the pound of flesh is, "if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge;"—a reason all the more satisfactory to him, forasmuch as those to whom he gives it can neither allow nor refute it: and until they can rail the seal from off his bond, all their railings are but a foretaste of the revenge he seeks. In his eagerness to taste that morsel sweeter to him than all the luxuries of Italy, his recent afflictions, the loss of his daughter, his ducats, his jewels, and even the precious ring given him by his departed wife, all fade from his mind. In his cool, resolute, unrelenting, imperturbable hardness at the trial, there is something that makes our blood to tingle. It is the sublimity of malice! We feel, and tremble as we feel, that the yearnings of revenge have silenced all other cares and all other thoughts. Fearful, however, as is his malignity, he comes not off without moving our pity. In the very

act whereby he thinks to avenge his own and his brethren's wrongs, the national curse overtakes him: in standing up for the law he has but strengthened his enemies' hands, and sharpened their weapons against himself; and the terrible Jew sinks at last into the poor, pitiable, heart-broken Shylock.

The Merchant of Venice is justly distinguished among Shakespeare's dramas for the beauty of particular scenes and passages. For descriptive power, the opening scene between the Merchant and his friends is not easily rivaled, and can hardly fail to live in the memory of any one that has an eye for such things. Equally fine in its way is the scene between Tubal and Shylock, where the latter is so torn with the struggle of conflicting passions, his heart now sinking with grief at the account of his fugitive daughter's expenses, now leaping with malignant joy at the report of Antonio's losses at sea. The trial scene, with its tugging vicissitudes of passion and its hush of terrible expectation, now ringing with the Jew's sharp, spiteful snaps of malice, now made musical with Portia's strains of eloquence, now holy with Antonio's noble gushes of friendship, is hardly surpassed in tragic power any where; and as it forms the catastrophe, so it concentrates the interest of the whole play. Scarce inferior in its kind is the night scene of Lorenzo and Jessica, bathed as it is in love, moonlight, "touches of sweet harmony," and soul-lifting discourse, followed by the grave moral reflections of Portia, as she approaches her home, and sees its lights, and hears its music. The bringing in this passage of ravishing lyrical sweetness, so replete with the most soothing and tranquilizing effect, close upon the intense dramatic excitement of the preceding scene, is such a transition as we may find nowhere but in Shakespeare, and shows his unequaled mastery over the mind's capacities of delight. The affair of the rings, with the harmless perplexities growing out of it, is a well-managed device for letting the mind down from the tragic height, whereon it lately stood, to the merry conclusion which the play requires. Critics,

indeed, may easily quarrel with this merry after-piece; but it stands justified by the tribunal to which criticism itself must bow, the spontaneous feelings of all such as are willing to be made happier and wiser, without beating their brains about the how and wherefore.

Before leaving this fruitful theme, it may be worth the while to consider, for a moment, what a wide diversity of materials are here drawn up and moulded into unity of life and impression. Ben Jonson, in his preface to *The Alchemist*, sets it down as "the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed." A principle very well illustrated in the play before us. One can hardly realize how many things are there brought together, they are ordered in such perfect concert and harmony; the greatness of the work being thus hidden in its fine proportions. In many of the Poet's dramas we are surprised at the great variety of character: here, besides this, we have also a remarkable variety of plot; and, admirable as may be the skill displayed in the characters, severally considered, the interweaving of so many several plots, without the least confusion or embarrassment, evinces a still higher mastership. For many and various as are the forms and aspects of life, they all emphatically live together, as though they had but one circulation. So that the play is like a large, full-grown, fair-spreading tree, which we know is made up of divers smaller trees, all developed from and cohering in one common life.

Now, admitting the excellence of workmanship shown in the several plots and characters, there is a further question, namely: What business have they here? by what law or principle are they thus brought together? A question that has been handled with so much of ingenuity, or of something better, by Ulrici the German critic, as may well entitle his view to a place in this connection. He regards the whole play as a manifold working out of the principle, that all forms of right and justice, if pushed beyond a

certain point, pass over into their opposites, so that extreme right becomes extreme wrong, thus verifying the old maxim, *summum jus summa injuria.* Which is best exemplified in Shylock, who has formal right on his side, in that he claims no more than Antonio has freely bound himself to pay; but in the strict rigid exacting of this claim he runs into the foulest wrong, because in his case justice is not justice unless it be tempered with mercy: that is, to keep its own nature, it must be an offshoot from the higher principle of charity. So, also, the tying up of Portia's hand to the disposal of chance, and robbing her of all share in the choice of a husband, rests ultimately on paternal right; yet this extreme right is an extreme wrong, because it might involve her in misery for life, but that chance, a lucky thought of the moment, leads to a happy result. Likewise in case of Jessica; her conduct were exceedingly wrong, but that she has good cause for it in the approved malignity of her father's temper; for justice cannot blame her for forsaking both the person and the religion of one, even though her father, whose character is so steeped in cruelty. Again, in the matter of the rings, the same principle is reflected, right and wrong being here driven to that extreme point where they pass over into each other: only Portia understands or feels this truth, because her mind lives in the harmonies of things, and is not poisoned with any self-willed abstraction. Which yields a further justification of the fifth act: "it effaces the tragic impression which still lingers on the mind from the fourth act; the last vibrations of the harsh tones which were there struck here die away; in the gay and amusing trifling of love the sharp contrarieties of right and wrong are playfully reconciled." Thus while the several parts are disposed with clearness and precision, each proceeding so naturally of itself, and alongside the others, that we never lose the thread, at the same time a free living principle pervades them all, rounding them off into a perfect organic whole. And the several parts and persons not

only cohere with one another, but with the general circumstances wherein they occur. Thus in the character of Portia, for example, the splendor of Italian skies, and scenery, and art, is reproduced; their spirit lives in her imagination, and is complicated with all she does and says.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

ANTONIO

In Antonio, the royal merchant, who, amid all his fortune and splendor, is a victim to melancholy and spleen induced by forebodings of coming disaster, Shakespeare has certainly expressed something of his own nature. Antonio's melancholy is closely related to that which, in the years immediately following, we shall find in Jaques in *As You Like It*, in the Duke in *Twelfth Night*, and in Hamlet. It forms a sort of mournful undercurrent to the joy of life which at this period is still dominant in Shakespeare's soul. It leads, after a certain time, to the substitution of dreaming and brooding heroes for those men of action and resolution who, in the poet's brighter youth, had played the leading parts in his dramas. For the rest, despite the princely elevation of his nature, Antonio is by no means faultless. He has insulted and baited Shylock in the most brutal fashion on account of his faith and his blood. We realize the ferocity and violence of the mediæval prejudice against the Jews when we find a man of Antonio's magnanimity so entirely a slave to it. And when, with a little more show of justice, he parades his loathing and contempt for Shylock's money-dealings, he strangely (as it seems to us) overlooks the fact that the Jews have been carefully excluded from all other means of livelihood, and have been systematically allowed to scrape together gold in order that their hoards may always be at hand when circumstances render it convenient to plunder them. Antonio's attitude towards Shylock cannot possibly be Shakespeare's own. Shylock cannot under-

stand Antonio, and characterizes him (III, iii) in the words—

"This is the fool that lent out money gratis."

But Shakespeare himself did not belong to this class of fools. He has endowed Antonio with an ideality which he had neither the resolution nor the desire to emulate. Such a man's conduct towards Shylock explains the outcast's hatred and thirst for revenge.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

In the center of the actors in the play, in a rather passive position, stands Antonio, the princely merchant, of enviable and immense possessions, a Timon and Shylock in riches, but with a noble nature elevated far above the effects which wealth produced in these men. Placed between the generous giver and the miser, between the spendthrift and the usurer, between Bassanio and Shylock, between friend and foe, he is not even remotely tempted by the vices into which these have fallen; there is not the slightest trace to be discovered in him of that care for his wealth imputed to him by Salanio and Salarino, who in its possession would be its slaves. But his great riches have inflicted upon him another evil, the malady of the rich, who have never been agitated and tried by anything, and have never experienced the pressure of the world. He has the spleen, he is melancholy; a sadness has seized him; the source of which no one knows; he has a presentiment of some danger, such as Shakespeare always imparts to all sensitive, susceptible natures. In this spleen, like all hypochondriacs, he takes delight in cheerful society: he is surrounded by a number of parasites and flatterers, among whom there is one nobler character, Bassanio, with whom alone a deeper impulse of friendship connects him. He is affable, mild, and generous to all, without knowing their tricks and without sharing their mirth; the loquacious versatility and humor of a Gratiano is indifferent to him; his pleasure in their intercouse is passive, according to his universal apathy. His nature is quiet and is with

difficulty affected; when his property and his management leave him without anxiety, he utters a "fie, fie," over the supposition that he is in love; touched by no fault, but moved also by no virtue, he appears passionless, and almost an automaton. The position which the poet has given him in the midst of the more active characters of the piece is an especially happy one: for were he of less negative greatness he would throw all others into deep shadow; we should feel too painful and exciting a sympathy in his subsequent danger. Yet he is not allowed, for this reason, to appear quite feelingless. For in one point he shows that he shared the choler and natural feelings of others. When brought into contact with the usurer, the Jew Shylock, we see him in a state of agitation, partly arising from moral and business principles, partly from intolerance and from national religious aversion. This sense of honor in the merchant against the money-changer and usurer urges him to those glaring outbursts of hatred, when he rates Shylock in the Rialto about his "usances," calls him a dog, "foots" him, and spits upon his beard. For this he receives a lesson for life in his lawsuit with the Jew, whom, with his apathetic negligence, he allows to get the advantage over him. His life is placed in danger, and the apparently insensible man is suddenly drawn closer to us; he is suffering, so that high and low intercede for him; he himself petitions Shylock; his situation weakens him; the experience is not lost upon him; it is a crisis, it is the creation of a new life for him; finally, when he is lord and master over Shylock, he no longer calls up his old hatred against him, and, aroused from his apathy, he finds henceforth in Bassanio's happiness and tried friendship the source of a renovated and ennobled existence.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

SHYLOCK

Shylock is a good hater; "a man no less sinned against than sinning." If he carries his revenge too far, yet

he has strong grounds for "the lodged hate he bears Antonio," which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depositary of the vengeance of his race; and though the long habit of brooding over daily insults and injuries has crusted over his temper with inveterate misanthropy, and hardened him against the contempt of mankind, this adds but little to the triumphant pretensions of his enemies. There is a strong, quick, and deep sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitterness of his resentment. The constant apprehension of being burnt alive, plundered, banished, reviled, and trampled on, might be supposed to sour the most forbearing nature, and to take something from that "milk of human kindness," with which his persecutors contemplated his indignities. The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong; and we can hardly help sympathizing with the proud spirit, hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," stung to madness by repeated undeserved provocations, and laboring to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression heaped upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of "lawful" revenge, till the ferociousness of the means by which he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to it, turn us against him; but even at last, when disappointed of the sanguinary revenge with which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to beggary and contempt by the letter of the law on which he had insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think him hardly dealt with by his judges. In all his answers and retorts upon his adversaries, he has the best not only of the argument but of the question, reasoning on their own principles and practice. They are so far from allowing of any measure of equal dealing, of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that even when they come to ask a favor of him, and Shylock reminds them that "on such a day they spit upon him, another spurned him, another called him dog, and for these curtesies request he'll lend them so much moneys."—Antonio, his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgment of the

shrewdness and justice of his remonstrance, which would have been preposterous in a respectable Catholic merchant in those times, threatens him with a repetition of the same treatment—

> "I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too."

After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy, or the blindest prejudice; and the Jew's answer to one of Antonio's friends, who asks him what his pound of forfeit flesh is good for, is irresistible—

> "To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer that a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

The whole of the trial-scene, both before and after the entrance of Portia, is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamations, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be surpassed. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. Take the following as an instance:—

"*Shylock.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them;—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it;
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?"

The keenness of his revenge awakes all his faculties; and he beats back all opposition to his purpose, whether grave or gay, whether of wit or argument, with an equal degree of earnestness and self-possession. His character is displayed as distinctly in other less prominent parts of the play, and we may collect from a few sentences the history of his life—his descent and origin, his thrift and domestic economy, his affection for his daughter, whom he loves next to his wealth, his courtship and his first present to Leah, his wife! "I would not have parted with it" (the ring which he first gave her) "for a wilderness of monkeys!" What a fine Hebraism is implied in this expression!—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A word may be said concerning the representation of Shylock. I suppose it is the tradition to represent him as a decrepit, old, and dirty Jew, in worn and almost ragged clothes, with a senile stoop and manner—I have seen him look like Fagin on the stage. The Duke calls him "old Shylock," but to be old is not to be decrepit. He is in full possession of his faculties; he can dine out; he is active on the Rialto; his stormy passion of wrath and revenge is not that of a feeble old man, but of a man of sixty or so

who may be called old, but whose blood is hot and his will resolute.

He is a miser, or rather a gold-breeder, but he is not a ragged miser, nor a dirty one. I am sure Shakespeare meant him to be clean and decently dressed, and respected by his countrymen on the Rialto. The Christians might call him dog, but Tubal and the rest knew better. Though he keeps Lancelot's extravagant temper in order, he does not really stint his food. Loss of jewels and money maddens him, but other folk than misers are affected in the same way. His miserliness has been exaggerated into an extreme, and it is plain that his love of money is absorbed by his hatred and his love of vengeance.

At first he is only the business man who makes money breed as Jacob made his ewes. Then suddenly it occurs to him that he will take the chance of entrapping Antonio; and then hate conquers money-getting. Moreover, the Jew in him arises, and money-getting is also lost in the desire to avenge the cause of Israel against the Christian. Both of those passions mingle in him, one personal, one national, and strengthen one another. Then, he is uplifted, far above the usurer and the vulgar Jew, on to the tragic plane. The servility of the Jew is killed. His speech gains nobility; it is resolute and strong. Only to Tubal, his countryman, does he reveal any weakness after his first outburst of rage in the streets. He claims the law; he appeals to the Duke, he puts the whole of Venice into action and disturbance. He attacks the jailer in the streets for permitting Antonio to take the air. The fury of his passion has made him for the moment another man. He ought to tower in the court. Bated breath and whispering humbleness or mean cunning have nothing to do with his appearance. His revenge should straighten his back, and flame in his eyes, and dignify his port. The more he towers above the rest, the more dramatic his sudden fall may be made; the fiercer, the more absorbing is his passion, the more it forgets everything but itself, the

more the actor has to do when his revenge is cut away from under his feet. When the actor makes him an object of pity during the judgment scene, he misses Shakespeare's aim. When the judgment is given, and not till then, pity may be claimed; but it is pity greatly modified by horror at the image he has presented of unrelenting and furious revenge. I do not believe that Shakespeare meant us to have more pity for Shylock than may be felt for him after his speech in which the Jew appeals to the Christian as man to man: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Nor do I think that his last speech is the speech of a broken man. Even after his terrible overthrow, enough of the swell of his rage and hatred lasts to take him with some tragic dignity out of the court. He accepts his fate, but it is with flashing eyes, and his "I am not well" need not contradict this. He flings it to them as an excuse for departure.

> I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
> I am not well. Send the deed after me,
> And I will sign it.

When Shylock breaks down, it is when he is alone in his empty house. And Shakespeare leaves that to our imagination.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

Shylock is, in the first place, a very successful representation of the Jewish national character in general, not of that venerable, grand, even though one-sided spirit which animated the people in the days of Moses, David, and the Prophets, but of that low, undignified, degenerate way of thinking into which the fallen people had sunk during the time of their dispersion over the face of the earth—those centuries of long persecution and sore oppression. Their grand endurance and steadfastness, their strict adherence to religion, custom and law, had during those times changed into obstinacy and self-will; their shrewd intellect into finesse and a talent for speculative combinations; their enthusiasm for prophecy into superstition; their love of inheritance—which was in so far praiseworthy as it was

united with a religious devotion to the land which God had given them, for which they themselves had fought hard, and maintained with trouble and anxiety—had gradually turned into covetousness, into mean, revolting avarice; their feeling of superiority over all other nations—from whom they were distinguished by a purer religious faith—had degenerated into bitter hatred and contempt, and heartless cruelty towards their persecutors. Nothing had escaped the universal degradation except that unconquerable perseverance, that dry mummy-like tenacity of the Jewish nature. Thus Shylock may be said to be the pitiful, decayed ruin of a grand past, the glimmering spark of a vanished splendor, which, although it can no longer give warmth and life, can nevertheless burn and destroy; we can as little deny him our sympathy, as we can repress our disgust at his sentiments and mode of action. And yet Shylock is not a mere Jew in the general sense; in him the Jewish national character appears, at the same time, to be represented in an entirely individual form, in full personal vividness and definiteness. Hatred and revenge, in him, are directed more especially against Christian merchants, who lend money without interest and security so as to help unfortunate debtors and to exercise charity and generosity; Shylock thinks himself thereby more oppressed than by the dog-like manner in which they treat him. For this reason the princely merchant Antonio is a very thorn in his side. His hatred of him even surpasses his avarice, and he plays the part of a high-minded and generous character merely to work a dastardly trick upon him. He contrives with juristic shrewdness and legal knowledge to give this trick the semblance of lawfulness, and in the same way as he holds strictly to the Jewish law, he insists stubbornly upon the letter of the foreign law. Common-sense and shrewdness, in him, clothe themselves in the garb of that peculiarly subtle humor and cutting sarcasm of wit, which he has so freely at his command. Lastly, his love for his daughter, whom he guards as the apple of his eye, and seeks to protect against the baneful

influences of her surroundings, and his faithful attachment to the religion and customs of his ancestors, which he considers as more important than profit and honor, show us a couple of purely human motives, which, to some extent, moderate what is repulsive in his sentiments and mode of action. In describing special, personal features of this kind, not only is that which is general in the national character individualized, but that which would make him a caricature is likewise avoided; the man is saved by the element of humanity.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

SOURCE OF THE CHARACTER OF SHYLOCK

If the fate of Q. Elizabeth's Jew physician, Roderigo Lopez, who, with two other Portuguese, was hung and quartered while alive, on June 7, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth, so impresst folk's minds that it was taken by Dekker as one of the most prominent features of his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, and was mentioned by Middleton in his *Game of Chesse* (pr. 1625), I do not see why it, and the discussions he must have heard on it, should not have suggested to Shakspere some of the thoughts which he has expresst by Shylock's mouth.—Furnivall, *The Merchant of Venice* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Fac-Simile.*

THE NAME SHYLOCK

He found the story of the *Merchant of Venice* floating around as a common yarn. He at once seized upon it. He is indifferent as to the characters. He is surrounded by a certain dominant Christian idea. He sketches the characters as he finds them, and as becomes the age; and only in a bigoted age and among an ignorant and prejudiced people would such a character as "Shylock" have received such prestige. As in the case of Dickens and "Fagin" of to-day, the people of that day wanted a type, a type that suited their own low notions of what they

thought a Hebrew should be. "Shylock" was that type, and once drawn by such a master hand as Shakespeare it is no wonder that it "took" with the people of that day, and that the creation passed down to our age, as such things do, without the mass of the people stopping to give one thought in regard to it. The world generally accepts what it finds and never questions its origin and influence. —El Seyonpi, *The Name Shylock.*

THE MERCHANT AND THE JEW

Antonio is a good man, but a bad Christian. Shylock is a bad man, but a good Jew. The defective Christianity of the Merchant is as conspicuous as the inhumanity of the Jew, and the culminating interest of the "trial," far from being exhausted by the deliverance of Antonio and the discomfiture of his "inhuman adversary," reaches on, in its majestic exhibition of justice and mercy, to a triumphant demonstration of the spirit of Christianity actuating and animating the loftiest principles that can govern the relations of man to man. . . . . .

Antonio is "a good man." Compassion and generosity are parts of his nature. He is a very Roman in his abhorrence of usury. In a "low simplicity, he lends out money gratis." He is

> "One in whom
> The ancient Roman honor more appears
> Than any that draws breath in Italy."

But he is "a bad Christian." Here we are at issue with the dictum of Schlegel that the hatred of the Jew is "directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments." Not so, says the Jew himself:—

> "I hate him for he is a Christian:—
> But more, for that in low simplicity,
> He lends out money gratis, and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

Antonio admits the same. Natural humanity and an "ancient Roman honor," not "truly Christian sentiments," chiefly provoke the hatred of the Jew. Of "truly Christian sentiment" there is a significant lack. Antonio's contempt for the Jew manifests itself in spitting and spurning, in open contumely and loud reproach. He believes him "incapable" of reformation as of mercy—far more of possible conversion.

> "You may as well do anything most hard
> As seek to soften that, than which what's harder?—
> His Jewish heart."

. . . . . Shylock is "a bad man, but a good Jew." With all his strength of character, he is after all the victim of his passions. Bigotry, avarice, revenge, rule him in turns. His hatred of the man who reviles him and his "sacred nation" is exceeded by his enmity to one who thwarts his bargains and spoils his usury. But his avarice, which has expelled even his natural affection for his daughter, is in turn surpassed by his revenge. The offer of thrice his money is contemptuously and savagely set aside when the thirst of the Merchant's blood has once become the master passion of his breast.—Morris, *The Merchant of Venice* in *Keynotes of Shakespere's Plays.*

PORTIA

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities, which Shakspeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself; by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate; she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures

have ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendor had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the somber or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

. . . . .

But all the finest parts of Portia's character are brought to bear in the trial scene. There she shines forth all her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honorable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed. She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end; yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view; to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honor by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource.

. . . . .

A prominent feature in Portia's character is that confiding, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest or-

der, who was not also remarkable for this trusting spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montagu was one instance; and Madame de Staël furnishes another much more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education; in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination. In the casket scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is hazarded; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

In the elements which compose the character of Portia, Shakspeare anticipated, but without intention, the intellect of those modern women who can wield so gracefully many of the tools which have been hitherto monopolized by men. But the same genius which endowed her with a large and keen intelligence derived it from her sex, and, for the sake of it, he did not sacrifice one trait of her essential womanliness. This commands our attention very strongly; for it is the clew which we must start with.

She is still a woman to the core of her beauty-loving heart. Coming home from the great scene in Venice, where she baffles Shylock, and swamps with sudden justice the scales that were so eager for the bonded flesh, she loiters in the moonlight, marks the music which is floating from her palace to be caressed by the night and made sweeter than by day. Her listening ear is modulated by all the tenderness she feels and the love she expects; so

she gives the music the color of a soul that has come home to wife—and motherhood, till her thoughts put such a strain upon the vibrating strings that they grow too tense, and threaten to divulge her delicate secret.—So she cries,—

> "Peace! Now the moon sleeps with Endymion,
> And would not be awak'd."

Her graceful passion takes shelter in the old myth whose names personify her thought. And her style of speaking reminds us of the more polished ladies of Shakspeare's time, who delighted in the masques and revels in which the persons of the old mythology were charged to utter gallant sentiments. She is a woman of Juliet's clime, and not without her frankness; but she has been brought up in England, and her feeling and her judgment are English through and through.

She has been forbidden by her father's testament to make free choice of the man whom she will love. But she could as soon be divested of her intellect as of her power and wish to love. There is not a single drop running through all her fairness that has caught a chill from the quarter of her brain where wit and wisdom ponder in their clear north light. Her mind is strong, but not the mind of a man, and with no traits more masculine than her frame itself, which is love's solicitor:—

> "Here are sever'd lips,
> Parted with sugar breath."

And even in her strict speech to Shylock we can feel the light draught of it, tempering the inclemency of her superb and unexpected threat: the Jew quails under the sentences which rain on him, golden, grave, serene. And they compel us to observe that pure sex has given the pitch to her strong, fatal wisdom.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

BASSANIO

Between Portia and Antonio stands Bassanio, the friend of the one, the lover of the other; he appears between the

two boundlessly rich persons as a man utterly poor, ruined in his circumstances, inconsiderate, and extravagant at the expense of his friend. He seems to belong thoroughly to the parasitical class of Antonio's friends. In disposition he is more inclined to the merry Gratiano than to Antonio's severe gravity; he appears on the stage with the question "When shall we laugh?" and he joins with his frivolous companions in all cheerful and careless folly. On this occasion he is borrowing once more three thousand ducats, in order to make a strange Argonautic expedition to the "Golden Fleece," staking them on a blind adventure, the doubtful wooing of a rich heiress. His friend breaks his habit of never borrowing on credit, he enters into an agreement with the Jew upon the bloody condition, and the adventurer accepts the loan with the sacrifice. Before he sets forth, on the very same day and evening, he purchases fine livery for his servants with this money, and gives a merry feast as a farewell, during which the daughter of the invited Jew is to be carried off by one of the free-thinking fellows. Does not the whole conduct appear as if he were only the seeming friend of this rich man for the sake of borrowing his money, and only the seeming lover of this rich lady for the sake of paying his debts with her fortune?

But this quiet Antonio seemed to know the man thus apparently bad to be of better nature. He knew him indeed as somewhat too extravagant, but not incurably so, as one who was ready and able also to restrict himself. He knew him as one who stood "within the eye of honor," and he lent to him without a doubt of his integrity. His confidence was unlimited, and he blames him rather than he should "make question of his uttermost," than "if he had made waste of all he has." In his melancholy, it is this man alone who chains him to the world; their friendship needs no brilliant words, it is unfeignedly genuine. His eyes, full of tears at parting, tell Bassanio what he is worth to Antonio; it is the very acceptance of the loan which satisfies Antonio's confidence.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

LORENZO

Lorenzo is for the most part a dreamy inactive nature, as may be seen in his amused tolerance of Launcelot's word-fencing—word-fencing being in general a challenge which none of Shakespeare's characters can resist; similarly, Jessica's enthusiasm on the subject of Portia, which in reality he shares, he prefers to meet in the banter:

> "Even such a husband
> Hast thou of me as she is for a wife."

But the strong side of his character also is shown us in the play: he has an artist soul, and to the depth of his passion for music and for beauty of nature we are indebted for some of the noblest passages in Shakespeare. This is the attraction which has drawn him to Jessica, her outer beauty is the index of artistic sensibility within: "she is never merry when she hears sweet music," and the soul of rhythm is awakened in her, just as much as in her husband, by the moonlight scene. Simplicity again, is a quality they have in common, as is seen by their ignorance in money-matters, and the way a valuable turquoise ring goes for a monkey—if, at least, Tubal may be believed: a carelessness of money which mitigates our dislike of the free hand Jessica lays upon her father's ducats and jewels. On the whole, however, Lorenzo's dreaminess makes a pretty contrast to Jessica's vivacity. And Lorenzo's inactivity is capable of being roused to great things. This is seen by the elopement itself: for the suggestion of its incidents seems to be that Lorenzo meant at first no more than trifling with the pretty Jewess, and that he rose to the occasion as he found and appreciated Jessica's higher tone and attraction. Finally, we must see the caliber of Lorenzo's character through the eyes of Portia, who selects him at first sight as the representative to whom to commit her household in her absence, of which commission she will take no refusal.—Moulton, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

JESSICA

To fill up the interval between the signature of the bond and its forfeiture, Shakspere has introduced the underplot of Jessica and Lorenzo, which further serves to throw a harsh light upon Shylock's domestic relations. Though the dramatist had, as has been shown, opportunities for studying Judaism from the outside, it is unlikely that he can have known much of its family life, and his picture of it is strangely untrue to facts. Through the centuries of persecution the Jewish home maintained much of its scriptural beauty, and was the focus of affections all the more intense because confined to this narrow radius. It has been argued that Shakspere was aware of this, and that he purposely represented Shylock as devoid of the distinctive virtues of his race, in order to heighten the impression of his villainy. But this seems an over-refinement of criticism, and had such been the dramatist's aim, he would scarcely have admitted the one saving touch of tenderness in the reference to Leah and her cherished gift of a turquoise ring. But however Shylock may have treated his dead wife, to his daughter and his servant he makes his home a "hell," and they are both preparing to give him the slip. Launcelot, whom his master grudges food, clothing, and sleep, transfers his services after a comical exercise in casuistry to the open-handed Bassanio, while Jessica makes an assignation with Lorenzo, a member of the same fashionable set. When she asserts, in defense of her conduct to Shylock, that though she is a daughter to his blood she is not to his manners, she doubtless speaks the truth. But in her own way Jessica is no less distinctively Jewish than Shylock. She belongs to the artistic type of the Hebrew race, which has given so many poets and musicians to the world, and she is steeped in Oriental opulence of sensibility and dreamy voluptuous charm. Such a nature recoils instinctively from the harsh surroundings of a home, unsweetened by feminine influences, darkened by the spirit of mistrust, and bare of every

element of beauty. Yet modern sentiment finds it more difficult than Elizabethan prejudice to condone her filial breach in the elopement with Lorenzo, and even if her flight be excused, the theft of her father's stones and ducats jars unpleasantly with preconceived ideas of the conduct proper to a heroine of romance. It has been said that the episode of the elopement was inserted in order to create a partial revulsion of feeling in favor of the Jew. "Jessica at home makes us hate Shylock: with Jessica lost we cannot help pitying him." But we believe that no such effect was intended by Shakspere, and that, in any case, it would have failed with an audience of his day. The groundlings were far more likely to yell with vociferous laughter as they listened to Salanio's account of the dog Jew flying through the streets, with all the boys of Venice at his heels, and lamenting with "confused passion" the double loss of his ducats and of the daughter whom he ranks on the identical level of a property.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

The modern world cannot quite forgive Jessica for deserting her father, still less for taking his ducats; but Shakespeare easily condones these incidents of an emancipation to which she establishes her full right by the native ease with which she moves in the new world as if to the manner born—an adept in its splendid extravagance and in its light badinage, but quick to take the impress of its serious enthusiasms and its generous virtue. It is not for nothing that the most splendid burst of poetry in the play is addressed to Jessica's ear, and the loftiest tribute to Portia uttered by her lips.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

NERISSA

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters; she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes

her favor conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and in short mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

GRATIANO

That husband, Gratiano, is a most delightful and most natural character. He is one of those useful men in society who will keep up the ball of mirth and good-humor, simply by his own mercurial temperament and agreeable rattle; for he is like a babbling woodside brook, seen through at once, and presenting every ripple of its surface to the sunbeams of good-fellowship. If a picnic were proposed, Gratiano would be the man for the commissariat department: and the wines shall be unimpeachable in quantity as well as quality; the ladies shall lack no squire of dames, and the men no stimulus to keep their gallantry from rusting. And, what is better than all, if a friend be in adversity, Gratiano will champion him with good words and deeds, if not with the most sagacious counsel. He would, no doubt, talk a man off his legs; and, therefore, Shakespeare has brought him as a relief against the two grave men, Antonio and Bassanio, who, being both anxious on account of worldly cares, resent his vivacity, and they are at all events as peevish as he is flippant and inconsiderate. Bassanio says of Gratiano that he "speaks an infinite deal of nothing"; that "his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day long ere you shall find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." The best of all this is, that Bassanio himself advances no claim to be the censor of his lively companion, for in comparison with him he is dull in capacity, and the very observation just quoted follows one of the most agreeable and sensible speeches in the play—made by "the infinite-deal-of-nothing" Gratiano. Shakespeare has made the best apology for the Merchant

and his friend; but his own love of cheerfulness with good temper could not fail to throw liberally into Gratiano's scale, and he has nowhere produced a better defense of natural vivacity. Moreover, he has not made Gratiano selfishly boisterous—indulging his own feelings only: he first manifests a solicitude for Antonio's lowness of spirits, and then he rallies him. These are the small and delicate lights thrown into his characters that render them exhaustless as studies, and give us that indefinable, rather, perhaps, that unrecognized and unconscious interest in all they say and do, and which, to the same extent, appears to be the almost undivided prerogative of Shakespeare alone.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

PORTIA'S SUITORS

The choice of the suitors for Portia's hand, though the element of luck is allowed to count for something, is regulated in the main by their characters. A large group of them, in fact, never go so far as to risk the choice at all. Of these we hear in the opening dialogue between Portia and Nerissa. They are representatives of six different nations, and in every case they are merely types of the peculiar foibles of their countrymen. Not one of them has enough of manly resolution to venture on an experiment which, in case of failure, debars them from marriage for ever. Morocco is made of sterner stuff and is not daunted by these stringent conditions. With the characteristic disdain of a Sultan for "shows of dross" he turns hurriedly from the leaden casket; he pauses long before the silver, with its motto, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves," and barbarian pride is just turning the scale against a lingering relic of modesty, when his eye is caught by the gold with its offer of "what many men desire." At once his glowing Oriental imagination is captivated by the vision of Portia as the world's desire, and with grandiloquent figures upon his lips he unlocks the casket, only to learn that "all that glitters is not gold." Arragon is the

typical Spanish Don steeped in the prejudices and pride of his class. He too at once sets aside the leaden casket, and instead of being fired by the wish to possess what many men desire, he scorns "to jump with common spirits," or to bow before the idols of the crowd. He loftily decides to "assume desert," and opens the silver casket, to find in it a fool's head. Both these suitors are treated by Portia with calm and stately courtesy, but when Bassanio, who has already won her heart, arrives at Belmont, she cannot hide her agitation. Though she does not swerve an inch from her rigid fidelity to the terms of the will, her appeals to her lover to delay his choice, her partial confession of her feelings, and her excited plays upon words are all significant of her inward tumult. The music that she calls for, though she is at pains to defend it on other grounds, is really meant to allay by its soothing strains the riot of her own heart, during the interval of suspense. But her trust that the character of the chooser dictates the choice finds expression in the words: "If you do love me, you will find me out." Bassanio's meditations are partially drowned by the music, but, from what we overhear, the gold suggests to him the deceitfulness of "outward shows" or ornament in every sphere of life. The silver is rejected for the not very cogent reason that it is a "pale and common drudge 'tween man and man." But the meager lead appeals to the plain, straightforward soldier who, in spite of superficial follies, is sound at heart, and whose professional instinct is stirred by the threatening challenge to give and hazard all he hath. Portia's trust proves to be not misplaced, and she is at last free to bestow herself, and all that is hers, upon Bassanio. —Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

A WELL-NIGH PERFECT PLAY

A play is written to be acted. One could not accurately and intelligently judge a musical composition from reading the notes. No more can one form an accurate and intelligent opinion of a drama from simply reading the

words. It is necessary to hear the musical composition played, to see the drama acted. The notes of the former must be transformed into sounds, the words of the latter into actions. In forming a critical opinion of a play, therefore, one canon is, Is it successful as an acted play? The expression of Shakespeare's genius did not take the form of epic or lyric poetry, but of dramatic. A drama is not only a literary, but also a histrionic production. In order, therefore, to study a drama intelligently, its acting qualities, its adaptability to stage representation, must always be considered. Judged by this test, this play is well-nigh perfect.—FLEMING, *Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Duke of Venice
The Prince of Morocco, } *suitors to Portia*
The Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *a merchant of Venice*
Bassanio, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia*
Salanio, }
Salarino, }
Gratiano, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio*
Salerio, }
Lorenzo, *in love with Jessica*
Shylock, *a rich Jew*
Tubal, *a Jew, his friend*
Launcelot Gobbo, *the clown, servant to Shylock*
Old Gobbo, *father to Launcelot*
Leonardo, *servant to Bassanio*
Balthasar, } *servants to Portia*
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heiress*
Nerissa, *her waiting-maid*
Jessica, *daughter to Shylock*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants

Scene: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Bassanio, a young gentleman of Venice, is in love with Portia, a lady of Belmont; but she is wealthy, while he is poor. He feels that he must have three thousand ducats before he can press his suit. For this sum he goes to his dearest friend, Antonio, a merchant of Venice. The latter's wealth at that time is entirely invested in ships at sea, but he remembers a rich Jew, Shylock by name. From him he borrows the money for his friend, giving in return a bond agreeing to forfeit a pound of his flesh should not the money be paid on the day it falls due. Antonio signs this agreement without fear, for his ships are scheduled to arrive home a month before the day.

ACT II

Jessica, daughter of Shylock the Jew, elopes with Lorenzo, a Christian and a friend of Antonio and of Bassanio. Her father is very angry at this and the ill-will he bears Antonio is increased. Portia's father provided in his will that his daughter's hand should go to that suitor who should choose the one of three caskets that contained her portrait. Several try and fail.

ACT III

When Bassanio's turn came, he, to his own and Portia's delight, chooses the right casket. They exchange vows and rings. Bassanio's friend, Gratiano, and Portia's maid,

Nerissa, also engage themselves to marry. But their joy is clouded by a letter from Antonio to Bassanio telling of the failure of all the Merchant's ventures and that Shylock claims the forfeiture according to the bond. Bassanio and Gratiano hasten to Venice to aid their friend. Portia and Nerissa plan to be at the trial also.

ACT IV

Portia and Nerissa arrive at the court as the trial is going on; Portia is disguised as a lawyer and Nerissa as her clerk, and so well do they act their parts that no one, not even their husbands, recognizes them. Portia pleads Antonio's cause with such power and logic that the Jew loses his case, and in addition his estates and property are declared forfeited for plotting against the life of a citizen of Venice. The Duke mitigates his sentence sufficiently to permit him to make a will in favor of his daughter Jessica. Bassanio wishes the lawyer to accept as his fee the three thousand ducats which had been due the Jew. This Portia declines, but asks for the ring she had given him when they plighted their troth. He unwillingly gives it to her. Nerissa in like manner gets her ring from Gratiano.

ACT V

Portia and Nerissa reach Belmont before the arrival of Bassanio and Gratiano. When the gentlemen get there, Nerissa quarrels with Gratiano for giving away her ring. Portia and Bassanio overhear their friends and Bassanio confesses that he, too, has parted with his wife's ring. The lady feigns anger, but finally agrees to forgive her lord and in token gives him a ring. Great is his surprise to find the ring is the same which he had given to the doctor. Explanations follow and everyone is happy. Antonio, who has come home with Bassanio, hears that three of his ships have come safely to port.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

"Enter Antonio," etc.; in the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first scene; and as no list of the Persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the folio the first stage-direction is,—*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.,* which is soon changed to *Sol.,* and then comes the stage-direction,—*Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelled the same way in several other stage-directions; and after the first scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that we have abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Salanio,* we agree with Knight and Verplanck in transferring to *Salarino,* not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the quartos favor that arrangement.—H. N. H.

I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes aboard. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand

9. *"Argosies"* are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:

> "Harder besct
> And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
> Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks."—H. N. H.

27. *"Andrew";* so called, perhaps, after the famous Italian naval commander, Andrea Doria.—C. H. H.

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,

27. *"dock'd"*; Rowe's emendation for "docks," the reading of the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

28. *"vailing"*; to *vail* is to *lower,* to *let fall:* from the French *avaler.*—H. N. H.

35. *"but even now"*; a moment ago.—C. H. H.

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

50. *"by two-headed Janus";* an oath in keeping with the "strange fellows of Nature's framing" in the next line.—C. H. H.

56. *"Nestor";* being old, is also regarded as grave.—C. H. H.

We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvelously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'

70. *"at dinner-time"; i. e.* about twelve a. m., the usual dining-hour of merchants in Elizabethan London.—C. H. H.

84. *"cut in alabaster"; i. e.* the effigy on a tomb.—C. H. H.

90. *"willful stillness entertain";* maintain a determined silence.—C. H. H.

92. *"conceit";* intelligence.—C. H. H.

O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

97. *"when";* all the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who,* though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgment pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach. *"Fool gudgeon,"* a little below, appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught. The expression is commonly, but injuriously, changed to *fool's-gudgeon.*—H. N. H.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

112. *"Is that any thing new?"* The old editions read *"Is that any thing now";* changed to *"new"* by Johnson. Rowe first suggested the interrogation.—I. G.

115. *"His reasons";* the serious matter of his talk, what he really has to say.—C. H. H.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a willful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:

141. *"of the self-same flight";* feathered to fly the same distance. —C. H. H.

162. *"that word"; i. e.* the word "fair."—C. H. H.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see,

they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—

9. *"comes";* that is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by* it?—H. N. H.

11. *"sentences";* maxims.—C. H. H.

whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Aye, that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when

45. *"Neapolitan";* the Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.—H. N. H.

46. *"Colt"* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth.*—H. N. H.

48. *"appropriation";* acquired excellence, (*to,* added to).—C. H. H.

52. *"County Palatine";* this may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.—H. N. H.

54. *"choose"; i. e.* it is your concern, not mine.—C. H. H.

56. *"the weeping philosopher";* Heraclitus of Ephesus, whose fundamental maxim was the instability of all things (*πάντα ῥεῖ*).—C. H. H.

he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who

80. *"neither Latin, French nor Italian";* "a satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton: whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French, nor Italian.'"—H. N. H.

can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

86. *"round"; i. e.* artificially stuffed with bombast, a French fashion.—C. H. H.

89. *"the Scottish lord";* in the first Folio "Scottish" is changed to "other."—I. G.

94. "Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather, constant promise of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English" (Warburton).—I. G.

95. *"sealed under";* subscribed to a bond, pledged himself.—C. H. H.

97. *"the young German";* the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.—H. N. H.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I 'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever

my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

141. *"what news?"*; what's the matter?—C. H. H.

142. *"The four strangers"*; allusion has been made to six strangers. An interesting oversight on the poet's part.—I. G.

The discrepancy probably points to a revision, in which two characters (perhaps those of the English and Scottish lords) were added.—C. H. H.

150. *"condition"*; that is, *temper, disposition.* So, in *Othello:* "And then of so gentle a *condition!*" Likewise, in Tyndall's *Works:* "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned,* and every woman her husband so too."—H. N. H.

Scene III

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.
Bass. Aye, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months; well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.
Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.

7. *"May you stead me?"* Can you help me?—C. H. H.
18. *"in supposition,"* a matter of conjecture.—C. H. H.
19. *"Tripolis";* this may be either the town in Barbary, or the port in Syria. Since Barbary is distinguished from "Tripolis" in iii. 2. 271, the latter is more likely.—C. H. H.

But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

42. *"a fawning publican";* probably an allusion to the publican of the New Testament, whose "low simplicity" had been commended by "your prophet the Nazarite."—C. H. H.

46. *"usance";* "it is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts" (Thomas's *History of Italy*, 1561).—H. N. H.

52. *"which he calls interest"; usance, usury,* and *interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed, is shown in Lord Bacon's *Essay of Usury*, where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize;* that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism; and perhaps nothing but the popular hatred of the Jews on other scores could account for the fast-rooted prejudice against a thing so firmly grounded in the laws of trade. These laws, like others, of course benefit those who observe them; and as no trading community could thrive unless they were observed, and as none but Jews would observe them, they of course had a monopoly of the benefit arising therefrom.—H. N. H.

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?
Shy. Aye, aye, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; aye, he was the third,—

65. *"Is he yet possess'd How much ye would,"* so reads the second and third Quartos; the Folios read *"he would"*; the first Quarto, *"are you resolv'd how much he would have"*; this is one of the important points in which the second Quarto is superior to the first.—I. G.

The question is, of course, addressed to Bassanio. Similarly in 68, Shylock after addressing Bassanio turns to Antonio, in 69.—C. H. H.

72. *Cp.* Genesis xxx.—I. G.

75. *"the third,"* *i. e.* "reckoning Abraham himself as the first."—I. G.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; nor, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skillful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

86. *"kind"* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature.* Thus in Fairfax's *Tasso,* B. xiv. stan. 42 and 48:

> "But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
> The hidden power I know and virtue great,
> And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."

> "And fair adorn'd was every part
> With riches grown by *kind,* not fram'd by art."—H. N. H.

87. *"fulsome"* is here apparently used in the sense of *rank, lusty, ruttish.* The word often occurs in the sense of *filthy, nauseous;*—a sense which might very well come from *full,* though some derive it from *foul.—Fall,* in the second line below, is for *let fall;* a common usage of the word in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

92. *"served for," i. e.* he was merely a subordinate agent in it.—C. H. H.

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

103. *"falsehood"* here means knavery, treachery, as *truth* is sometimes used for honesty.—H. N. H.

108. *"In the Rialto";* in this scene we have already had *"on* the Rialto," and *"upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto,* as we say Westminster-bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says,—

> 'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me.' "

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta,* high shore; and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement."—H. N. H.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!

135. *"A breed for barren metal";* the reading of the Folio *"a breed of";* "for" must be equivalent to "in exchange for"; *"breed"* ="interest money bred from the principal" (*cp.* Gr. τόκος).—I. G.
137. *"Who";* from whom.—C. H. H.

I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

156. *"dwell"*; that is, *continue,* or *abide.*—H. N. H.

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of mutton, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
[*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

176. *"fearful guard"* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors. —H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,

The old stage direction ran as follows:—*"Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa and their traine."*—I. G.

2. *"shadow'd"*; dusky.—C. H. H.

6. *"let us make incision"*; to understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate man is termed a *milksop.*—H. N. H.

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets.
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw

17. *"scanted";* limited.—C. H. H.

25. *"the Sophy," cp. "Sofi,* and *Sofito,* an ancient word signifying a wise man, learned and skillful in Magike Naturale. It is grown to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia" (Abraham Hartwell's translation of Minadoi's *History of the Wars between the Turks and the Persians*).—I. G.

The "Sefi of Persia" is mentioned in the German play *Der Jude von Venedig.*—I. G.

32. *"Lichas";* the attendant of Hercules. He was the unwitting bringer of the poisoned shirt by which Hercules perished.—C. H. H.

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, say-

35. *"page";* Theobald's emendation for "rage," the reading of all the old editions.—I. G.

"Enter Launcelot"; the old copies read,—*Enter the Clown alone;* and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances* or *exits*.—H. N. H.

ing to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving

13. *"for the heavens"* was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of. —H. N. H.

20. *"smack"; i. e.* of knavery. *"Grow to";* provincially used of burnt milk, conveys a similar suggestion.—C. H. H.

your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the

50. *"God's sonties"* was probably a corruption of God's *saints,* in old language *saunctes.* Oaths of this kind are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swearing, they sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, which ultimately lost even their similarity to the original phrase.—H. N. H.

waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post,

60. *"well to live";* healthy, with a long life before him.—C. H. H.

64. *"Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir";* so, in *Love's Labor's Lost, Costard* says,—"Your servant and Costard." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* master Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of *master.*—H. N. H.

a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshiped might he be! what a beard hast thou got!

102. Gobbo's *"you,"* as a mark of respect, changes to *"thou,"* after the recognition.—I. G.

thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted,

120. *"set up my rest";* that is, determined. In *Romeo and Juliet,* Act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest.* "The County Paris hath *set up his rest,* that you shall *rest* but little."—H. N. H.

"set up my rest"; a common phrase from the game of primero, where it was said of the player who, by laying his wager (Sp. *resto*), committed himself to a definite hazard.—C. H. H.

126. *"me";* ethical dative.—C. H. H.

128. *"run as far,"* etc.; to understand the appropriateness of these words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon.—H. N. H.

that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would

154. *"frutify,"* for *notify.*—C. H. H.

155. *"a dish of doves";* there has been no little speculation among the later critics, whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. Mr. Charles A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a serv-

bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no;
I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if

ant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travelers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor, visited Italy.—H. N. H.

169. *"The old proverb";* viz. "The grace of God is better than riches."—C. H. H.

178. *"Well if any man,"* etc.; Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-

any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*

tellers is called the *table,* breaks out into the following reflection: —'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence." —H. N. H.

181. "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus (the ball of the thumb) towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives. . . . These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall have" (Saunder's *Chiromancie,* quoted by Halliwell).—I. G.

186. *"with the edge of a feather-bed";* through marrying.—C. H. H.

187. *"simple scapes";* Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day: well do we remember to have seen people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favored than they: in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled *Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes.* "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself.—H. N. H.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtained it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behavior,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

JESSICA.

Merchant of Venice.

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, 'amen;'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:

216. *"hood mine eyes";* it was anciently the custom to wear the hat on during the time of dinner.—H. N. H.

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Scene IV

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

10. *"exhibit";* a Launcelotism for "express" (what I would say with my tongue).—C. H. H.

12. *"did";* the Quartos and first Folio read "doe"; the reading "did" was first given in the second Folio; if this is adopted, *"get"*= "beget."—I. G.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Aye, marry, I 'll begone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence,
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

5. *"spoke us . . . of";* made arrangements for.—C. H. H.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house; 31
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. 40
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

36. *"And never dare"*; spoken as a wish, *And may misfortune never dare.*—C. H. H.
37. *"she"*; *i. e.* misfortune.—C. H. H.

Shy. "Jessica, my girl, look to my house.—I am right loth to go:"

Merchant of Venice. Act 2, Scene 5.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.
Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.
Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,

25. *"Black-Monday," i. e.* Easter Monday, so called, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold.—Stowe.

31. *"squealing of the wry-neck'd fife";* one of the quartos and the folio have *squealing:* the other quarto has *squeaking,* which, though neither so appropriate nor so well authorized, has been generally

Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements.
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir, Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;

retained in modern editions. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabee Rich's *Aphorisms,* 1618, which appears to settle the matter: *"A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician,* for he always looks away from his instrument."—H. N. H.

37. *"Jacob's staff"; cp.* Gen. xxxii. and Heb. xi. 21. *"A Jacob's staff"* was generally used in the sense of "a pilgrim's staff," because St. James (or Jacob) was the patron saint of pilgrims.—I. G.

44. *"A Jewess' eye";* the Quartos and Folios read *"a Jewes eye,"* probably pronounced *"Jewês";* "worth a Jew's eye" was a proverbial phrase: "that worth was the price which the Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death." The reading *"Jewess'"* seems very doubtful.—I. G.

The quibble in this case is one of the best that Launcelot gets off. —H. N. H.

Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find.
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

5. *"Venus' pigeons";* Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus' *pigeons.* The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus' chariot is drawn.—H. N. H.

"fly to seal"; i. e. fly, bearing Venus on her way to seal, etc.—C. H. H.

Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;

51. *"by my hood";* this phrase is found nowhere else in Shakespeare; according to Malone, Gratiano is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.—I. G.

"a Gentile"; a jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile,* which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born.*—H. N. H.

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who 's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that 's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

41. *"the Hyrcanian deserts";* Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania, "the name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian," where, according to Pliny, tigers were bred.—I. G.

51. *"To rib her cerecloth";* to enclose her shroud of waxed linen.—C. H. H.

53. *"undervalued"* "in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1; in the forty-third year of her reign it was in the proportion of 10 to 1" (Clarendon).—I. G.

O sinful thought. Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

56, 57. *"an angel stamped in gold";* this is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence:* "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man.* And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets:*

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
Angli by name; and not an Angel waves
His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land."—H. N. H.

63. *"carrion Death";* fleshless skull.—C. H. H.

There is a written scroll! I 'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

69. *"tombs do"*; Johnson's emendation for the old reading *"timber do."*—I. G.

72. *"Your . . . inscroll'd."* This is loosely expressed, but clearly means: "Such an answer as this had not been written (so far as you are concerned)."—C. H. H.

75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb: "Farewell, frost," which was used in the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing. —I. G.

Scene VIII

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter,
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'

39. To *"slubber"* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire:* "Slightly *slubbering* it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion:*

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."
—H. N. H.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

26. *"By"* and *"of,"* being synonymous, were used by our ancestors indifferently.—H. N. H.

30. *"force"*; power.—H. N. H.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

42. *"clear"*; pure, blameless; a proleptic use, this being the result of its having been "purchased by the merit of the wearer."—C. H. H.

'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distant offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?
[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*
Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

70. The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any other woman.—H. N. H.

78. *"Wroth"* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune.* Thus, in Chapman's *Version of the 22d Iliad:* "Born all to *wroth* of woe and labor." So says the Chiswick. But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, anything that makes one *writhe;* and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause.—H. N. H.

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that come before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

85. *"my lord";* an humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is *my lady?*" So, in Richard II, Act. v. sc. 5, the Groom says to the King,—"Hail, royal *prince!*" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer.*" And in 1 Henry IV, Act ii. sc. 4, the Hostess says to Prince Henry,—"O Jesu! *my lord,* the prince"; and he replies, "How now, *my lady,* the hostess!"—H. N. H.

The servant's following speech, with its unreserved flow of "high-day wit," shows that these pleasant familiarities were the rule in Portia's household.—C. H. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Venice. A street

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

4. *"narrow seas";* English Channel.—C. H. H.

10. *"knapped ginger";* perhaps *"to knap ginger"* is to "nibble ginger"; old women were fond of this condiment: Cotgrave invariably gives *"knap"* as a synonym of *"gnaw"* or *"nibble."*—I. G.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is

49. *"a prodigal"; i. e.* from Shylock's point of view.—C. H. H.

60. *"hindered me,"* etc.; so in all the old copies. Modern editions generally encumber the passage by thrusting in *of* before *half.*—H. N. H.

his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here come another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what 's spent in

77. "*humility*," rightly explained by Schmidt as "kindness, benevolence, humanity."—I. G.

the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill[1] luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of

133. The special value of the *"turquoise"* was its supposed virtue

Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you

in indicating the health of the wearer: it was said to brighten or fade as its wearer was well or ill, and to give warning of approaching danger.—I. G.

How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Aye, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'

22. To *"peize"* is from *peser,* Fr.; to weigh or balance. So, in Richard III: "Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow." In the text it is used figuratively for to *suspend,* to *retard,* or *delay* the time.—H. N. H.

Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

44. *"swan-like end";* alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.—H. N. H.

54. *"more love";* because Hercules rescued Hesione not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.—I. G.

Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Song.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:

63, 68. *"fancy"*; the Poet, in common with other writers of the time, often uses *fancy* for *love*.—H. N. H.

66. *"Reply, reply"*; this appears as a marginal direction in all the old copies.—C. H. H.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valor's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

87. *"Excrement,"* from *excresco,* is used for everything which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails.—H. N. H.

95. *"dowry of a second head";* the Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. Several instances of this have already occurred. And his 68th Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:

"Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."—H. N. H.

97. *"Guiled"* for *guiling,* that is, *beguiling.* The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa.* In Act i. sc. 3, of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden.*—H. N. H.

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,

99. *"veiling an Indian beauty";* it has been pointed out that Montaigne in his *Essay on Beauty* says: "The Indians describe it black and swarthy, with blabbered thick lips, with a broad and flat nose." If Shakespeare gives us a reminiscence of this, he must have read Montaigne in French, as Florio's translation was not published until 1603.—I. G.

"Beauty" is probably a blunder, due to the "beauteous" of the line above.—C. H. H.

102. *"Hard food for Midas,"* who prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and soon regretted his prayer.—I. G.

106. *"paleness";* as Bassanio uses "pale" of silver a few lines before, Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, proposed to read *"plainness";* but *"pale"* is a regular epithet of lead, and there seems no reason for changing the reading here.—I. G.

The verbal inconsistency is, however, dramatic enough. Gold and silver are condemned as "ornament," and then, even in their ornamental character, disparaged as "gaudy" and "pale"; whereas the "paleness" of lead becomes a virtue, because it is associated with no pretensions.—C. H. H.

CHOOSING THE CASKETS.

Bass. "But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence."

Merchant of Venice. Act 3, Scene 2.

And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far

112. *"rain,"* the reading of the second Quarto, *"rein,"* is generally preferred.—I. G.

115. *"Counterfeit"* anciently signified a *likeness,* a *resemblance.* So, in *The Wit of a Woman,* 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit.*" And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,—"The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."—H. N. H.

126. *"unfurnish'd;* that is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress,* Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

> "You are a noble gentleman.
> Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
> And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd.*"

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune,
[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

History of Faire Bellora; afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves:* "If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit,* her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfurnished.*"—H. N. H.

131. *"continent";* inventory or abstract; explicit statement.—C. H. H.

141. *"by note";* in conformity with the scroll (as if this were a bill, specifying payments to be made or received).—C. H. H.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,

176. *"vantage"*; opportunity.—C. H. H.

As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,

201. *"for intermission";* if the punctuation is right, this can only mean that we (both) loved in order to avoid delay or loss of time. But Theobald's conjecture, "for intermission (*i. e.* inaction) No more pertains to me, my lord, than you," gives a clearer meaning and keeps up better the symmetrical antitheses of the context.—C. H. H.

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece,
Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,

280. *"freedom";* the power of obtaining redress at law.—C. H. H.

If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

295. *"unwearied";* most unwearied.—C. H. H.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Jailor.

Shy. Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Jailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have by bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have

. *"commodity"*; convenience, legal advantages. The subject of

With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, jailor, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

"will impeach" is "the denial of commodity" expressed, in a Shakespearean way, by "the commodity, if it be denied."—C. H. H.

31. *"Consisteth of all nations";* for the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers, would be putting the latter at a disadvantage, and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of,*—a sense in which it is often used by the Poet. The passage is usually printed thus:

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Where *commodity* is obviously the subject of *impeach.* Which greatly clogs and obscures the passage, though perhaps it may still be made to yield the same meaning.—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste their time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd

9. *i. e.* Than ordinary acts of generosity can make you.—C. H. H.
12. *"waste"*; spend, pass.—C. H. H.
17. *"Lover"* was much used by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend.* His sonnets are full of examples in point.—H. N. H.

In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it; hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavor of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

52. *"imagined speed";* that is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third act of Henry V: "Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."—H. N. H.

54. *"trades";* plies.—C. H. H.

56. *"convenient speed";* the speed appropriate to the occasion.—C. H. H.

61. *"accomplished";* furnished.—C. H. H.

Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

69. *"quaint";* ingenious.—C. H. H.

72. *"I could not do withal";* a phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it.* So, in the *Morte d' Arthur:* "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall."* And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer,* Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: *"I cannot do withal;* I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's *Table of Verbes,* quoted by Mr. Dyce: "I can not *do withall,* a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done."—H. N. H.

Scene V

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? 10

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

3. *"I fear you"*; that is, fear *for* you, on your account. So, in Richard III, Act i. sc. 1:

> "The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."—H. N. H.

5. *"agitation"*; *i. e.* cogitation.—C. H. H.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an hon-

25. *"one by another"*; side by side, *i. e.* where they compete for a livelihood.—C. H. H.

est woman, she is indeed more than I took her for. 49

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory 73

50. *"How every fool,"* etc.; a shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns and verbal tricks, in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.—H. N. H.

73. *"The fool hath planted,"* etc.; probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and of

An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid. Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself.—H. N. H.

84. *"And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reason"*; the second Quarto *"it, it"*; the Folios *"it, it is."*—I. G.

Various emendations have been suggested for *"mean,"* but no change is necessary—*"mean"*="aim at." A kind correspondent, Mr. S. W. Orson, calls attention to Herbert's use of the word in *The Church Porch* (E. Stock's reprint of the first edition) "Shoots higher much than he than *means* a tree" (p. 12), and "Scorns his first bed of dirt, and *means* the sky" (p. 163).—I. G.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

94. *"stomach";* inclination, mind (with a play, as usual, upon the ordinary sense).—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

6. *"dram";* minute quantity, "drop," "grain."—C. H. H.
10. *"Envy"* in this place means *hatred* or *malice;* a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know.—H. N. H.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

20. *"Remorse"* in Shakespeare's time generally signified ***pity, tenderness;*** the *relentings* of compassion.—H. N. H.

22. *"where";* whereas.—H. N. H.

24. *"loose";* so in the old copies, but generally printed ***lose.*** ***Loose*** is plainly used in the sense of *release.*—H. N. H.

26. *"moiety";* a part (not necessarily a half).—C. H. H.

29. *"royal merchant";* this epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant,* both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi. The "*princely* merchants of Boston" are well known in our time.—H. N. H.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

36. *"Our holy Sabbath";* so the first Quarto; the second reads *"Sabaoth";* it is just possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, "Lord God of Sabaoth," which occurs in the New Testament. "Sabbath" and "Sabaoth" (*i. e.* "hosts," in the phrase "Lord of hosts") were confused even by Sir Walter Scott, when in *Ivanhoe,* ch. x. he refers to "the gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths." Similarly Spenser (F. Q. viii. 2):—

> "But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
> With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight."

Dr. Johnson treated the two words as identical in the first edition of his *Dictionary.*—I. G.

37. *"the due and forfeit";* the forfeit which is due.—C. H. H.

39. *"your charter";* Shakespeare attributes to Venice the status of an English city, deriving its privileges from a charter granted and liable to be revoked by the king.—C. H. H.

42. *"I'll not answer that";* the Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.—H. N. H.

43. *"humor";* in Shakespeare's time the word *humor* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

conditions of our social being, it was his *humor*. *Corporal Nym* is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams:*

> "Aske *Humors,* why a fether he doth weare?
> *It is his humor,* by the Lord, heele sweare."—H. N. H.

47. *"gaping pig";* a pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother:* "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig.*" And in Nashe's *Peirce Pennylesse:* "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table.*"—H. N. H.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig"; this was proverbially said of the Jews themselves, though not of them exclusively. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfy,* iii. 2. 255:—

> He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping:
> I thought your grace would find him a Jew.—C. H. H.

50. *"affection, Mistress of passion";* the Quartos and Folios read *"affection. Master of passion."* The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; *"Maistres"* or *"mastres,"* the old spelling of *"mistress"* evidently produced the error. "Affection," when contrasted with "passion," seems to denote "emotions produced through the senses by external objects."—I. G.

This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:

> "And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain their urine for affection.
> *Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," &c.

Where the discrepancy of *masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Mr. Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Mr. Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine;* and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bag-pipe, cannot contain their urine;

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer,
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woolen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say, —"Masters of passion sway it to the mood of what *it* likes or loaths"; for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or loath, they can scarce be said to be its *masters,* or to *sway* it at all. The difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sways,* and the second *it* refer to *affection.* All which may be deemed reason enough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to leave the final *s* out of *sways;* and there seems no reason but that it may as well be left out of *masters.* Of course *affection* is here used for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency.—H. N. H.

56. *"a woolen bag-pipe";* the reading of all the old editions; "wawling," "swollen," "bollen," have been variously suggested; *"woollen"* probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.—I. G.

It was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen,* the conjectural reading *swollen* was proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.—H. N. H.

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offense is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,

77. *"fretten";* so in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretted. Fretten* is apparently an old form of the word.—H. N. H.
82. *"conveniency";* expedition.—C. H. H.

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours;' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

106. *"to determine this"; i. e.* to act not merely as advocate, but as judge in the cause. The procedure here indicated, by which the State-appointed magistrate could freely delegate the decision of a case to an independent jurisconsult chosen by himself, had of course no parallel in the England of Shakespeare. But it seems still to prevail in Spain (Doyle, quoted by Furness, *Var. ed.* p. 406). Shakespeare was simply following the novel.—C. H. H.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presenting a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there. 122

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.

123. *"sole . . . soul";* the two words were still (till about 1650) distinguishable to the ear, the vowel of *soul* being heard as a diphthong (*òu*), that of *o* as a single sound.—C. H. H.

126. *"envy";* malice. See note to l. 10 of this scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in 2 Henry IV, Act. iv. sc. 4:

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
> To stab at half an hour of my life."—H. N. H.

128. *"inexecrable";* the quartos and first folio all read *inexecrable;* which is adopted by Knight, and defended by some others, on the ground of *in* being, as it sometimes is, intensive, and thus giving the sense of *most execrable.*—H. N. H.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a

134. *"who, . . . slaughter"*; this is a sort of nominative absolute, the subject of *fleet* being "his soul." Animals, both wild and tame, were on the Continent still regarded as quasi-legal subjects, tried, and executed.—C. H. H.

young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

PORTIA.

Merchant of Venice.

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Aye, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

183. To *"impugn"* is to oppose, to controvert.—H. N. H.

184. *"within his danger";* Richardson says,—"In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages,* commissi pœna. Thus,—'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere';* that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also,—'*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And in R. Brunne,—'All was in the erle's *dangere.*' And again,—'He was never wedded to woman's *danger';* that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his *Venus and Adonis:* "Come not within his *danger* by your will."—H. N. H.

190. *Cp.* "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought," *Ecclesiasticus,* xxxv. 20.—I. G.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,

207. *"And that same prayer"*; "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says the Chiswick editor, following Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius, "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbor the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."—H. N. H.

220. *"truth"*; that is, *honesty*. *A true* man in old language is an *honest* man. We now call the jury good men and *true*.—H. N. H.

And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Aye, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

263. *"Are there balance"; "balance"* was frequently treated as a plural by Elizabethan writers, though this is the only instance in Shakespeare.—I. G.

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, aye, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer,

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas

305. *"Barrabas";* Shakespeare seems to have followed the pro-

Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

nunciation usual to the theater, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.—H. N. H.

Por. "Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'"

The Merchant of Venice. Act 4, Scene 1.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I 'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

369. *"predicament";* condition.—C. H. H.

Por. Aye, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio? 390
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift, 400
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say:
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers. 410

385. Such reduction is only to affect the half assigned to the State. —C. H. H.

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal,

411. *"ten more";* that is, a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So, in the *Devil is an Ass,* by Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."—H. N. H.

The English institution of jury thus figures in the Venetian court side by side with the un-English system of delegation.—C. H. H.

422. *"in lieu whereof";* in consideration whereof, or in return for which.—H. N. H.

424. *"cope";* the only instance, that we remember to have met with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of to *pay,* or *reward.* A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's play, *The Fox,* Act iii. sc. 5:

> "Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
> Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
> He would have sold his part of Paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *cope-man.*"

Junius thinks the word is from the Anglo-Saxon *Ceap-an,* to traffic, to buy or sell; and that it may have been applied to any kind of *exchange,* and hence to the exchanging of *blows,* or fighting; in which sense it is generally used.—H. N. H.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake; [*To Ant.*
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you: [*To Bass.*
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night

And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

17. "*Old*" was a common augmentative in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,

1. *"In such a night";* there is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that anyone should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But, what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing it round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them.—H. N. H.

4. *"Troilus";* the image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide;* "Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke" (Bk. v. 666).—I. G.

7–14. *"Thisbe," etc.;* Hunter (*New Illustrations,* i. 309) ingeniously suggests that the old Folio of Chaucer was lying open before

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Shakespeare when he wrote this dialogue, and that there he found Thisbe, Dido, and Medea, as well as Troilus. It is certainly striking that Thisbe, Dido, and Medea follow each other in the *Legend of Good Women*. Shakespeare has seemingly transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's *Legend* concerning Ariadne (*"And to the stronde barefote faste she went"—"And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde"*). Chaucer's Medea directed Shakespeare's mind to Ovid, *Metam.* VII.—I. G.

15. *"Jessica";* Medea, who stole away from her father, Æetes, with the golden fleece, suggests Jessica's own story to Lorenzo.—I. G.

16. *"unthrift";* prodigal.—C. H. H.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

32. *"For happy wedlock hours";* one of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedded happiness with the charity and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to Him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine.* A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton:*

> "But there are *crosses,* wife: here's one in Waltham,
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."—H. N. H.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo. Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

56. *"in";* into.—C. H. H.

57. *"touches";* notes (evoked by the touch of the musician); so in v. 67.—C. H. H.

59. *"patines";* a small flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt. The first folio and one of the quartos read *pattens:* the second folio reads *patterns,* which Collier strangely adopts, thus taking a poor authority for a worse reading.—H. N. H.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

61, &c. "The corresponding passage in Plato is in his tenth book *De Republica,* where he speaks of the harmony of the Spheres, and represents a syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony, the Fates themselves chanting to this celestial music" (Du Bois, *The Wreath,* p. 60, quoted by Furness). The Platonic doctrine is, however, blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7, "The morning stars sang together."

62. *"quiring";* singing in concert.—C. H. H.

63. *"Such harmony";* a passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity:* "Touching musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." The Book containing this came out in 1597; so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare.—Of course everybody has heard of "the music of the spheres,"—an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turning of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, that it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception.—H. N. H.

The germ of this conception is due to Plato, who imagined the eight planetary spheres to be occupied by singing sirens, whose notes formed a perfect diapason. "Upon each of the spheres (*κύκλων*) is a siren, who is borne round with the sphere, uttering a single note; and the eight notes compose a single harmony" (*Rep.* bk. x. p. 617). But Shakespeare attributes song not to the "spheres" in which the planets were set, nor even only the planets, but to all the myriad stars of the firmament.—C. H. H.

65. *"close it in";* Quarto 1 and Folios read *"in it,"* which some editors have taken as equivalent to *"close-in it."*

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

79. *"the poet";* probably Ovid, who tells the story in the *Metamorphoses,* a book peculiarly familiar to Shakespeare.—C. H. H.

83. *"The man that hath no music in himself";* Steevens pounced rather unmercifully upon the poor Poet for this piece of "fine frenzy," and Douce very charitably stepped to his defense. Of course both had the best of the argument. "The solemn stupidity," with which the dispute was carried on, is funny enough; otherwise it is not of the slightest consequence.—H. N. H.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

99. Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances.—H. N. H.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

126. A writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,'—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation."—H. N. H.

And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:

141. *"breathing courtesy";* this complimentary form, made up only of *breath,* that is, words.—H. N. H.

150. *"Love me,"* etc.; knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis,* with short sentences in distich. The *poesy,* or *posy,* of a ring was of course the motto.—H. N. H.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Aye, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

156. *"respective"; that is, considerative, regardful.* Thus, in *King John,* Act i. sc. 1: "For new made honor doth forget men's names; 'tis too *respective* and too sociable." And in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act. iv. sc. 4: "What should it be that he *respects* in her but I can make *respective* in myself?"—H. N. H.

162. *"Scrubbed"* is here used in the sense of *stunted;* as in Holland's *Pliny:* "Such will never prove fair trees, but *scrubs* only." And Mr. Verplanck observes that the name *scrub oak* was from the first settlement of this country given to the dwarf or bush oak. How the word came to bear this sense doth not appear, unless because the thing originally signified by it was used for *scrubbing.*—H. N. H.

169. *"so riveted"; so* is probably a copyist's blunder, due to the *so* in 167.—C. H. H.

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

193. A similar repetition of the word *"love"* at the end of ten consecutive lines is found in *The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange* (1607); *cp. Edward III,* Act II. sc. i., where *"the sun"* ends eight consecutive lines.—I. G.

When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honor, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

201. *"Contain"* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain.* So, in Bacon's Essays: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."—H. N. H.

210. A *"civil doctor"* was a doctor of the Civil Law.—H. N. H.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honor, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;

249. *"wealth"*; that is, for his *advantage;* to obtain his happiness.

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly:

Wealth is only another form of *weal;* we say indifferently common-*weal* or common-*wealth.*—H. N. H.

262. *"In lieu of this";* in consideration of this (ring).—C. H. H.

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Aye, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Aye, and I 'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

298. *"inter'gatories";* a legal term; questions put to a sworn-witness.—C. H. H.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abode, delay; II. vi. 21.
Abridged; "to be a.," *i. e.* "at being a."; I. i. 126.
Address'd me, prepared myself; II. ix. 19.
Advice, reflection; IV. ii. 6.
Advised, cautious, heedful; I. i. 142.
Advisedly, intentionally; V. i. 253.
Affection, feeling; II. viii. 48.
Approve, prove, confirm; III. ii. 79.
Argosies, merchant-ships (originally the large and richly freighted ships of *Ragusa*); I. i. 9.
Attempt, tempt; IV. i. 433.
Attended, attended to, marked; V. i. 103.

Baned, poisoned; IV. i. 46.
Bare, bare-headed; II. ix. 44.
Bated, reduced; III. iii. 32.
Beholding, beholden; I. iii. 106.
Best-regarded, best-looking, handsomest; II. i. 10.
Blent, blended; III. ii. 183.
Blest, used with a superlative force, and perhaps a contracted form of "blessed'st"; II. i. 46.
Bonnet, head-gear; I. ii. 87.
Bottom, hold of a vessel; I. i. 42.
Break up, break open; II. iv. 10.
Breathing, verbal; V. i. 141.
Burial, burial-place; I. i. 29.
By, at hand, near by; IV. i. 266.
Cater-cousins, remote relations, good friends; "are scarce c.," *i. e.* "are not great friends"; II. ii. 150.
Cerecloth, a cloth dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud; II. vii. 51.
Ceremony, sacred object; V. i. 206.
Charge; "on your charge," at your expense; IV. i. 266.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 314.
Childhood proof, childhood's proof; I. i. 144.
Choose, "let it alone!" I. ii. 54.
Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 154.
Civil doctor, doctor of civil law; V. i. 210.
Civility, civilization; II. ii. 218.
Close, secret; II. vi. 47.
Commandment (in Quartos and Folios "commandément"; clearly to be pronounced as a quadrisyllable); IV. i. 463.
Commends, commendations; II. ix. 90.
Complexion, nature; III. i. 32.
Compromised, (had) come to a mutual agreement; I. iii. 79.
Confound, destroy; III. ii. 278.
Confusions; Launcelot's blunder for "conclusions"; II. ii. 42.
Constant, self-possessed; III. ii. 250.
Contain, retain; V. i. 201.

CONTINENT, that which contains anything; III. ii. 131.
CONTRARY, wrong; I. ii. 112.
CONTRIVE, conspire; IV. i. 364.
COPE, requite; IV. i. 424.
COUNTERFEIT, likeness; III. ii. 115.
COUNTY, count; I. ii. 52.
COUSIN, kinsman; III. iv. 50.
COVER, wear hats; II. ix. 44.
CURELESS (the reading of the Quartos; the Folios read "endless") beyond cure; IV. i. 142.

DANGER, absolute power (to harm); IV. i. 184.
DEATH = death's head; II. vii. 63.
DEFACE, cancel, destroy; III. ii. 301.
DIFFERENCE, dispute; IV. i. 174.
DISABLED, crippled; I. i. 123.
DISABLING, undervaluing; II. vii. 30.
DISCOVER, reveal; II. vii. 1.
DOIT, a small coin; I. iii. 141.
DRIVE, commute; IV. i. 384.
DUCATS; the value of the Venetian silver ducat was about that of the American dollar; I. iii. 1.

EANLINGS, lambs just born; I. iii. 80.
ENTERTAIN, maintain; I. i. 90.
EQUAL, equivalent; I. iii. 150.
ESTATE, state; III. ii. 239.
EXCESS, interest; I. iii. 63.
EXCREMENT, hair; "valour's ex.," *i. e.* "a brave man's beard"; III. ii. 87.
EYE; "within the eye of honor"; *i. e.* "within the sight of h."; "within the scope of honour's vision"; I. i. 137.

FAIRNESS, beauty; III. ii. 94.
FAITHLESS, unbelieving; II. iv. 38.
FALL, let fall; I. iii. 89.
FALLS, falls out; III. ii. 204.
FANCY, love; III. ii. 63, 68.
FEAR'D, frightened; II. i. 9.
FEARFUL, filling one with fear; I. iii. 176.
FIFE; "wry-necked f.," a small flute, called *flute à bec,* the upper part or mouthpiece resembling the beak of a bird, hence the epithet "wry-necked"; according to others "fife" here means the musician, *cp.* "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument" (Barnaby Riche's *Aphorisms,* 1616); II. v. 31.
FILL-HORSE, shaft-horse; II. ii. 111.
FIND FORTH, find out, seek; I. i. 143.
FLOOD, waters, seas; I. i. 10; IV. i. 72.
FOND, foolish; II. ix. 27.
FOOT, spurn with the foot; I. iii. 119.
FOOT, path; II. iv. 36.
FOOTING, footfall; V. i. 24.
FOR, of; III. iv. 10.
FRAUGHT, freighted; II. viii. 30.
FRETTEN, fretted; IV. i. 77.

GABERDINE, a large loose cloak of coarse stuff; I. iii. 113.
GAGED, pledged; I. i. 130.
GAPING PIG, a roast pig with a lemon in its mouth; IV. i. 47.
GARNISH, apparel; II. vi. 45.
GEAR; "for this g.," *i. e.* for this matter, business: "a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determinate import"; I. i. 110; II. ii. 189.

Gelt, mutilated; V. i. 144.
Gratify, reward; IV. i. 418.
Gross; "to term in gross," to sum up; III. ii. 160.
Guard, guardianship; I. iii. 176.
Guarded, ornamented; II. ii. 175.
Guiled, full of guile, treacherous; III. ii. 97.

Habit, behavior; II. ii. 213.
Heavens; "for the heavens," for heaven's sake; II. ii. 13.
Heaviness, sadness; "his embraced h."; the sadness which he hugs; II. viii. 52.
High-day, holiday, high-flown, extravagant; II. ix. 98.
Hip; "catch upon the h."; a term taken from wrestling, meaning "to have an advantage over"; I. iii. 47.
Hovel-post, the support of the roof of an out-house; II. ii. 80.
Husbandry, government, stewardship; III. iv. 25.

Imagined, all imaginable; III. iv. 52.
Imposition, an imposed task; III. iv. 33; a binding arrangement; I. ii. 121.
Incarnal; Launcelot's blunder for "incarnate"; II. ii. 31.
Inexecrable, beyond execration (perhaps a misprint for "inexorable," the reading of the third and fourth Folios); IV. i. 128.
Insculp'd, carved in relief; II. vii. 57.

Jacks, used as a term of contempt; III. iv. 77.
Jump with, agree with; II. ix. 32.

Kept, lived; III. iii. 19.
Knapped, broke into small pieces (or "nibbled"); III. i. 10

Level, aim; I. ii. 43.
Liberal, free; II. ii. 208.
Lichas, the servant of Deianira, who brought Hercules the poisoned robe (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* ix. 155); II. i. 32.
Livings, estates; III. ii. 158.
Low, humble; I. iii. 44.

Manage, management; III. iv. 25.
Melancholy bait, bait of melancholy; I. i. 101.
Mere, certain, unqualified; III. ii. 265.
Mind; "have in mind," bear in mind; I. i. 71.
Mind of love, loving mind; II. viii. 42.
Mutual, general, common; V. i. 77.

Narrow seas, English Channel; III. i. 4.
Naughty, wicked; III. ii. 18.
Nazarite, Nazarene; I. iii. 35.
Neat, ox; I. i. 112.
Nestor, the oldest of heroes, taken as the type of gravity; I. i. 56.
Nominated, stated; I. iii. 150.
Now . . . now, one moment . . . at the next; I. i. 35–6.

Obliged, pledged; II. vi. 7.
Occasion; "quarrelling with o.," *i. e.* "at odds with the matter in question, turning it into ridicule without reason"; III. v. 62.
O'er-look'd, bewitched; III. ii. 15.

Of, on; II. ii. 114; with; II. iv. 24.
Offend'st, vexest; IV. i. 140.
Old (used intensitively), abundant, great; IV. ii. 15.
Opinion of, reputation for; I. i. 91.
Ostent, demeanor; II. ii. 219.
Other, others; I. i. 54.
Out-dwells, out-stays; II. vi. 3.
Out of doubt, without doubt; I. i. 21; I. i. 155.
Over-name, run their names over; I. ii. 41.
Over-weather'd, weather-beaten; II. vi. 18.

Pageants, shows; I. i. 11.
Pain, pains; II. ii. 208.
Parts, duties, functions; IV. i. 92.
Passion, outcry; II. viii. 12.
Patch, fool, simpleton, jester; II. v. 47.
Patines; the "patine" is the plate used in the Eucharist; "patines of bright gold" seems to mean "the orbs of heaven," *i. e.* either (1) the planets, or (2) the stars; possibly, however, the reference is to "the broken clouds, like flaky disks of curdled gold which slowly drift across the heavens"; V. i. 59.
Peize, to weigh, keep in suspense, delay; III. ii. 22.
Pent-house, a porch with a sloping roof; II. vi. 1.
Pied, spotted; I. iii. 80.
Port, importance; III. ii. 283.
Possess'd, acquainted, informed; I. iii. 65.
Post, postman; II. ix. 100.
Posy, a motto inscribed on the inner side of a ring; V. i. 148.
Power, authority; IV. i. 104.
Prefer'd, recommended; II. ii. 166.
Presently, immediately; I. i. 183.
Prest, prepared; I. i. 160.
Prevented, anticipated; I. i. 61.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 83.
Publican, an allusion perhaps to the parable of the Pharisee and the publican (St. Luke xviii. 10–14); I. iii. 42.

Quaintly, gracefully; II. iv. 6.
Question, are disputing, arguing; IV. i. 70.
Quit, remit; IV. i. 393.

Raised, roused; II. viii. 4.
Reason'd, had a conversation; II. viii. 27.
Regreets, greetings; II. ix. 89.
Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 20.
Repent, regret; IV. i. 287, 288.
Reproach, Launcelot's blunder for "approach"; II. v. 20.
Respect, proper attention (or perhaps "respect to circumstances"); V. i. 99.
Respect upon; "you have too much r. u.," *i. e.* "you look too much upon"; I. i. 74.
Respective, mindful; V. i. 156.
Rest; "set up my rest," made up my mind (a phrase probably derived from the game of Primero; *resto* meant to bet or wager, which appears to have been made by the players only); II. ii. 120.
Rialto; "The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and merchants do meet twice a

day. . . . This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London."—Coryat's *Crudities* (1611).

Rib, enclose; II. vii. 51.

Ripe, urgent; I. iii. 64.

Riping, ripening; II. viii. 40.

Road, port; harbor; V. i. 288.

Sad, grave; II. ii. 219.

Sand-blind, half-blind; II. ii. 40.

Scant, moderate; III. ii. 112.

Scanted, restrained, limited; II. i. 17.

Scarfed, decorated, beflagged; II. vi. 15.

Scrubbed, small, ill-favored, scrubby; v. i. 162.

Self, self-same; I. i. 148.

Sense; "in all sense," with good reason; V. i. 136.

Sensible, evident to the senses, substantial; II. ix. 89; sensitive; II. viii. 48.

Should, would; I. ii. 107, 108.

Shows, outward appearance; II. vii. 20.

Shrewd, bad, evil; III. ii. 246.

Shrive me, be my father-confessor; I. ii. 152.

Sibylla, a reference probably to the Cumæan Sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a promise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* xv.).

Single; "your single bond," probably "a bond with your own signature, without the names of sureties"; I. iii. 146.

Slubber, "to slur over"; II. viii. 39.

Smug, neat; III. i. 51.

So, provided that; III. ii. 197.

Sola, sola; "Lancelot is imitating the horn of the courier or post"; V. i. 39.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 124.

Sonties; "by God's s." *i. e.* "by God's dear saints"; sonties = "saunties," a diminutive form; II. ii. 50.

Soon at, about; II. iii. 5.

Sore, sorely; V. i. 307.

Sort, dispose; V. i. 132.

Sort, lottery; I. ii. 121.

Spend, waste; I. i. 153.

Squandered, scattered; I. iii. 22.

Stead, help; I. iii. 7.

Still, continually; I. i. 17; I. i. 136.

Straight, straightway; II. ix. 1.

Strange; "exceeding strange," quite strangers; I. i. 67.

Strond, strand; I. i. 171.

Substance, (?) weight; IV. i. 339.

Suited, apparelled; I. ii. 85.

Supposed, spurious, false; III. ii. 94.

Supposition, the subject of conjecture; I. iii. 18.

Table, palm of the hand; II. ii. 179.

Think, bethink; IV. i. 70.

Thrift, success, good fortune; I. i. 175; profits; I. iii. 51.

Time, "springtime of life, youth, manhood"; I. i. 129.

Tranect (so the Quartos and Folios), probably an error for Fr. *traject* (It. *traghetto*), "a ferrie" (so glossed by Cotgrave); it is, however, note-

worthy that in Italian *tranare* means to draw or drag. "Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta, there is a dam or sluice to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice this distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakespeare's time might have called this dam by the name of 'tranect'" (Malone); III. iv. 53.

Tricksy, tricky; III. v. 76.

Tripolis, Tripoli, the most eastern of the Barbary States, the market between Europe and Central Africa; I. iii. 19.

Trust, credit; I. i. 185.

Tucket, flourish on a trumpet; V. i. 121.

Undervalued, inferior; I. i. 165.

Unfurnish'd, unmatched with the other, destitute of its fellow; III. ii. 126.

Untread, retrace; II. vi. 10.

Usance, usury, interest; I. iii. 46.

Use; "in use," *i. e.* (probably) "in trust" (*i. e.* in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo); IV. i. 395.

Vailing, bending; I. i. 28.

Varnish'd, painted; II. v. 34.

Vasty, vast; II. vii. 41.

Very, true, real; III. ii. 226.

Virtue, efficacy; V. i. 199.

Waft, wafted; V. i. 11.

Wealth, welfare; V. i. 249.

Weather, storms; II. ix. 29.

Where, whereas; IV. i. 22.

While, time; II. i. 31.

Wilful stillness, dogged silence; I. i. 90.

Younker, young man, youth; II. vi. 14.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. To what sources may the play be referred?
2. Tell the story from the *Gesta*, of the merchant and his bond.
3. What is the main theme? What are the plots, and how do they interact?
4. What character purpose does Jessica serve, and in what relation to the Semitic question in the theme?
5. Who is the important individual character?
6. Around whom does the main dramatic incident center?
7. Criticize Antonio's attitude towards Shylock as avowed by himself and described by Shylock.
8. Where does Antonio give a specific reason for Shylock's hatred of him?
9. What is the fundamental spring of Shylock's expression of malice and general character? Explain his representation.
10. Of what is his final defeat a type?
11. What principles does the theme express? What constitutes the unity of the theme?
12. Describe the impressive characteristics of the several persons of the drama.
13. Characterize the emotion of Shylock when he says, at last,—"I am content."

ACT I

14. What are the relative positions of Antonio and Bassanio?

15. How does Nerissa describe Bassanio?

16. What dramatic impression is attained by Antonio's mood of depression?

17. What is said of the usury of the Jews in Venice, as a matter of history?

18. How does Shylock speak, aside, of Antonio? How further, does he show his resentful feelings?

19. What bond does he exact from Antonio? What pretence does he make concerning it?

20. How does Antonio interpret the Jew's terms? How Bassanio?

21. How does Portia express herself over the terms her father has made for her choice of a husband?

22. How does she describe her several suitors?

ACT II

23. In what terms does the Prince of Morocco commend himself to Portia?

24. What is Launcelot's testimony to the character and ways of Shylock?

25. Is the mention of the "dish of doves" a necessary indication—in combination with other touches of local color,—that Shakespeare visited Italy, any more than the other scenes of his plays? is such literal personal experience always necessary to an imaginative mind?

26. What impression does the group of gay young men about Bassanio make, especially by contrast with his other friend, Antonio?

27. What does Launcelot's devotion to Jessica show of her nature as contrasted with her father's?

28. Does Jessica concoct the plan herself by which she is to escape from her father's house? What commands does Shylock give to Jessica when he leaves her in the house?

29. Are we given any reason to suppose that Lorenzo was not at first in earnest in his love-making to Jessica? What appears to awaken him to her merits more decidedly?

30. How does the choice of the Prince of Morocco disclose his character and mind?

31. What explains the reference to an "angel stamped in gold" in the Prince of Morocco's lines?

32. How does Portia express her feelings when the Prince of Morocco has taken his leave?

33. How does Salanio's account of Shylock's uproar over Jessica's departure throw additional light on the Jew's character? What is Salanio's foreboding on Antonio's account, because of the Jew's wrath over his daughter's elopement?

34. What light on the affection of Bassanio and Antonio does the conversation of Salanio and Salarino throw?

35. How does the Prince of Arragon choose? What is characteristic in his expression of choice? What is Portia's comment when he leaves?

36. Whom does Nerissa wish may be the new suitor for her lady, when one is announced, following the Prince of Arragon? What is the dramatic value of the servant's praise when he announces the coming of this new suitor?

ACT III

37. Trace the development of incident in this act.

38. What is the import of the first scene?

39. What phase of Shylock's nature does his talk to Salarino present?—What phase, the following passage with Tubal?

40. What is the feeling of Portia when it comes Bassanio's turn to choose among the caskets? Describe the passage, entire,—the sentiment and dramatic mood of it.

41. What cast of mind does Bassanio's choice reveal in him, judging from the reflections that lead him to it?

42. What does Bassanio mean by his phrases in lines 124–126, scene ii?

43. How do Portia's lines in this scene, especially after Bassanio has made his successful choice, present her nature?

44. What is the dramatic effect of bringing all the pairs of lovers together in this scene?

45. What does Jessica relate of her father to make plain his enmity and resentment towards Antonio, in the scene where Bassanio receives the ill news from the latter?

46. How does Bassanio characterize Antonio?

47. How does Lorenzo speak of Antonio?

48. What is the plan of Portia to save the situation of Bassanio and his friend?

49. Where does Lorenzo express the real pettiness of the punning trick and strained wit-snapping of Shakespeare's time?

50. What is the service of the final scene? What does Jessica say of Portia?

ACT IV

51. What is the demeanor of Antonio throughout the Trial Scene?

52. What do Bassanio and the Duke say to try to influence Shylock to relent? What is Gratiano's part in the scene?

53. Describe the stand taken by Shylock.

54. Characterize the addresses of Portia in behalf of Antonio. Follow the development of her pleadings to its last resource, and explain in what ways it demonstrates a woman's way of reasoning.

55. How is the situation resolved?

56. What purpose is apparently in Portia's mind when she asks for Bassanio's ring as token?

ACT V

57. What is the distinctive quality of the opening passage? What is its effect upon the atmosphere of the whole act?

58. With what poetic theory do the lines from 60 to 63, correspond?

59. How is the atmosphere of the beginning maintained by the manner and lines of Portia's entrance?

60. What is the outcome of the incident of the rings?—of Antonio's fortunes?

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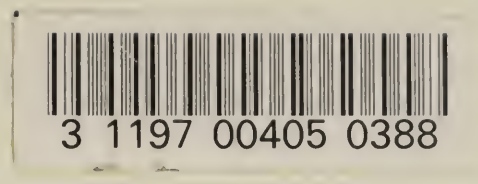
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